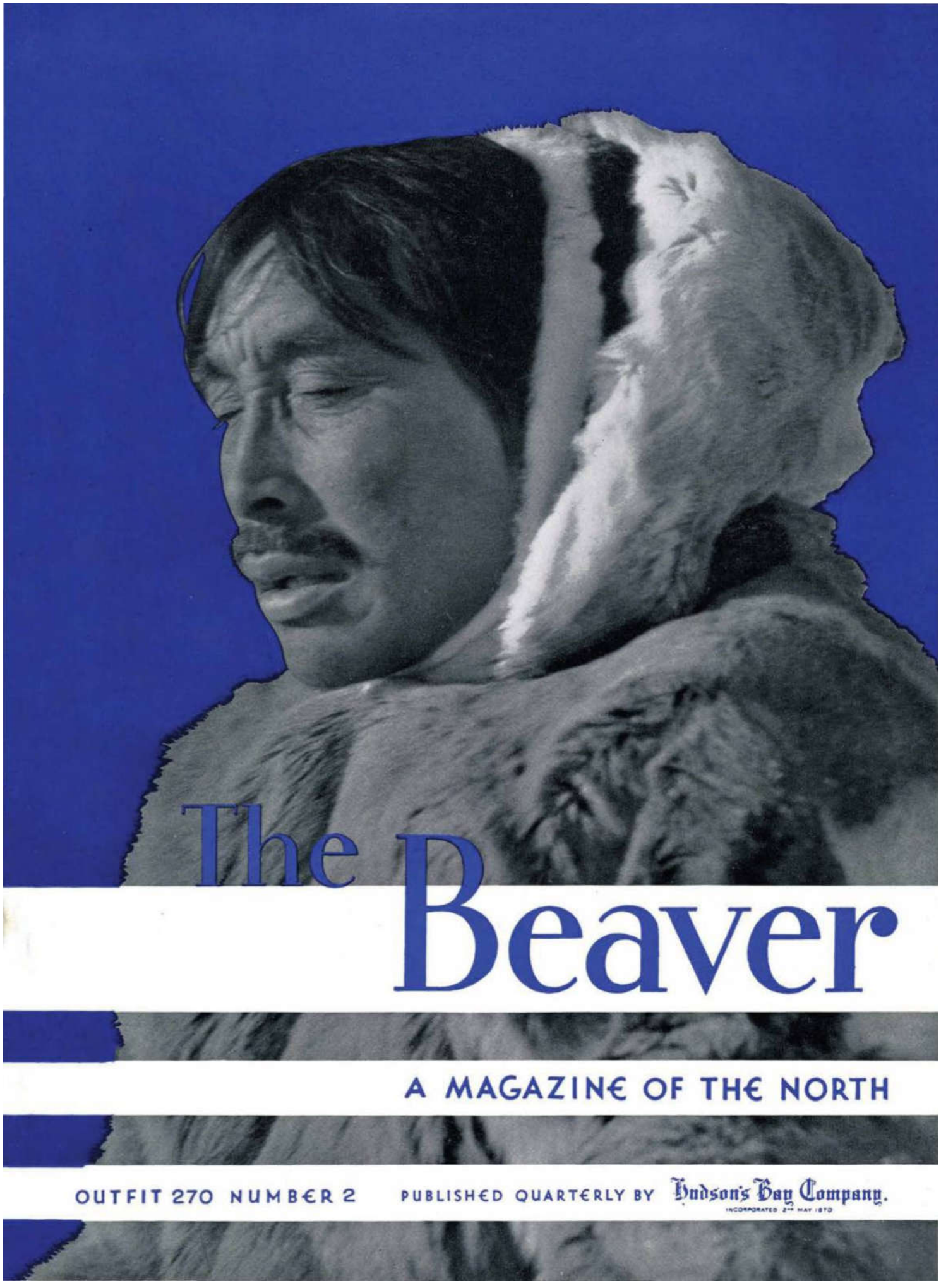


The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

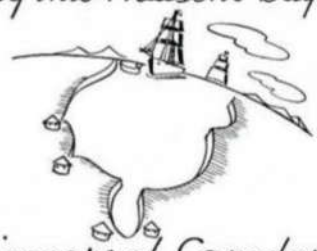
OUTFIT 270 NUMBER 2 PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY Hudson's Bay Company. INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

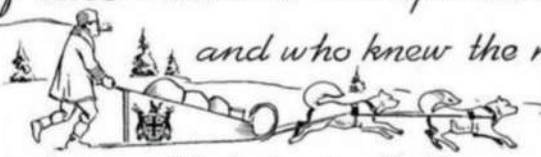
THE STORY OF IMPERIAL MIXTURE

Back in 1668 the Hudson's Bay Company first shipped tobacco to this country. Our archives for April 20th. of that year read—

"By a roll of Tobacco delivered to Capt Gillam & Capt Stannard for ye use of the Company."

From then on Company ships sailing into Hudson's Bay included in their cargoes fine tobaccos. Because of the climate and other different conditions in this country these imported English tobaccos were not exactly suited to the needs and desires of early pioneers of Canada; so in 1892 a group of Company officers met in Winnipeg to sample many new and specially blended mixtures and compounds of tobacco. From the experience of these men who had opened up this country and who knew the neccessity and friendliness of a good smoke we hoped to find a mixture which had all the merits of the splendid English tobaccos, but which would be adapted to the conditions of this new country.





Finally after many sessions these seasoned smokers chose one as being <u>the mixture</u> for Canada. Proud of the part they had played in Empire building they named their choice—Imperial Mixture. It is this same Imperial Mixture — the choice of real men who appreciate the pipe pleasure of a real smoke — that is today

Canada's Most Famous Tobacco

THE BEAVER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

OUTFIT 270 SEPTEMBER 1939 NUMBER 2

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HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE — Hudson's Bay Company. — WINNIPEG, CANADA

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Yearly subscription, one dollar; single copies, twenty-five cents. THE BEAVER is entered at the second class postal rate. Its editorial interests include the whole field of travel, exploration and trade in the Canadian North as well as the current activities and historical background of the Hudson's Bay Company, in all its departments throughout Canada. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. Correspondence on points of historic interest is encouraged. The entire content of THE BEAVER is protected by copyright, but reproduction rights will be given freely upon application. Address: THE BEAVER, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

James Richardson

TO try to put into words any adequate conception of our loss in the sudden death of James Armstrong Richardson on the 26th June, 1939, is a hard task. Mr. Richardson had been a valued member of the Canadian Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company since December, 1927. To the Canadian Committee, as to his many other important directorships, he contributed sound judgment, wide commercial experience, a passionate devotion to the welfare of his country, and, what is more than all these, the golden qualities of a great and good man. As colleague and friend he will be missed from the Thursday morning meetings at Hudson's Bay House.

Mr. Richardson's substantial contribution to the progress of western and northern Canada will place his name high in the history of this country. While under his leadership the great grain company which bears his family name forged its way to a top place in the world's wheat markets, he never forgot the western farmer, and in the upsets of post-war years he became the west's strongest champion. With a faith backed by his own money, he opened up the airways of the north, writing off the heavy financial burden in order to create new wealth for Canada. Not only did this bring swift acceleration in mining development, but in the daily course of passenger and freight transport his ships undertook unnumbered life-saving flights and created a peerless record of safety while charting Arctic skyways.

Mr. Richardson was also a pioneer founder of his own chain of radio stations. Indeed it is difficult to name a sphere of commercial expansion in which he was not interested. On the humanitarian side his activities were equally widespread. He made superb contributions to education and to innumerable other causes for the betterment of his fellows. His private beneficence, carefully concealed in his lifetime, has now become a legend, for he was a cheerful and willing victim to the love of giving. His substantial advancement of the commercial frontiers of Canada was secondary to the promotion of the well-being of her citizens.

For all these things and because in doing them James Richardson's precepts were those of the sermon on the mount, his name will have a permanent place in Canada's book of remembrance. *Alice MacKay.*

May it please Your Majesty

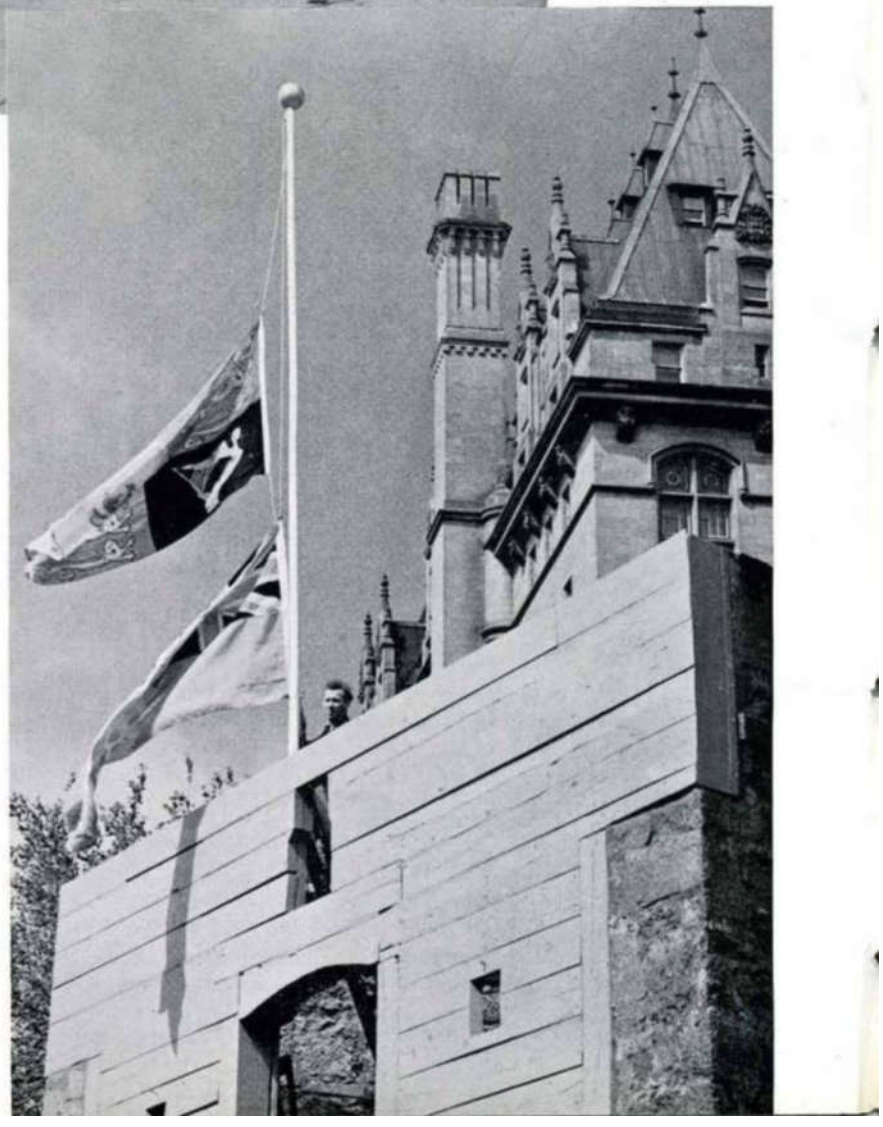
THIS series is a picture record of the historic ceremony of 24th May, 1939, when the Hudson's Bay Company paid tribute to the King at Fort Garry Gate, Winnipeg.

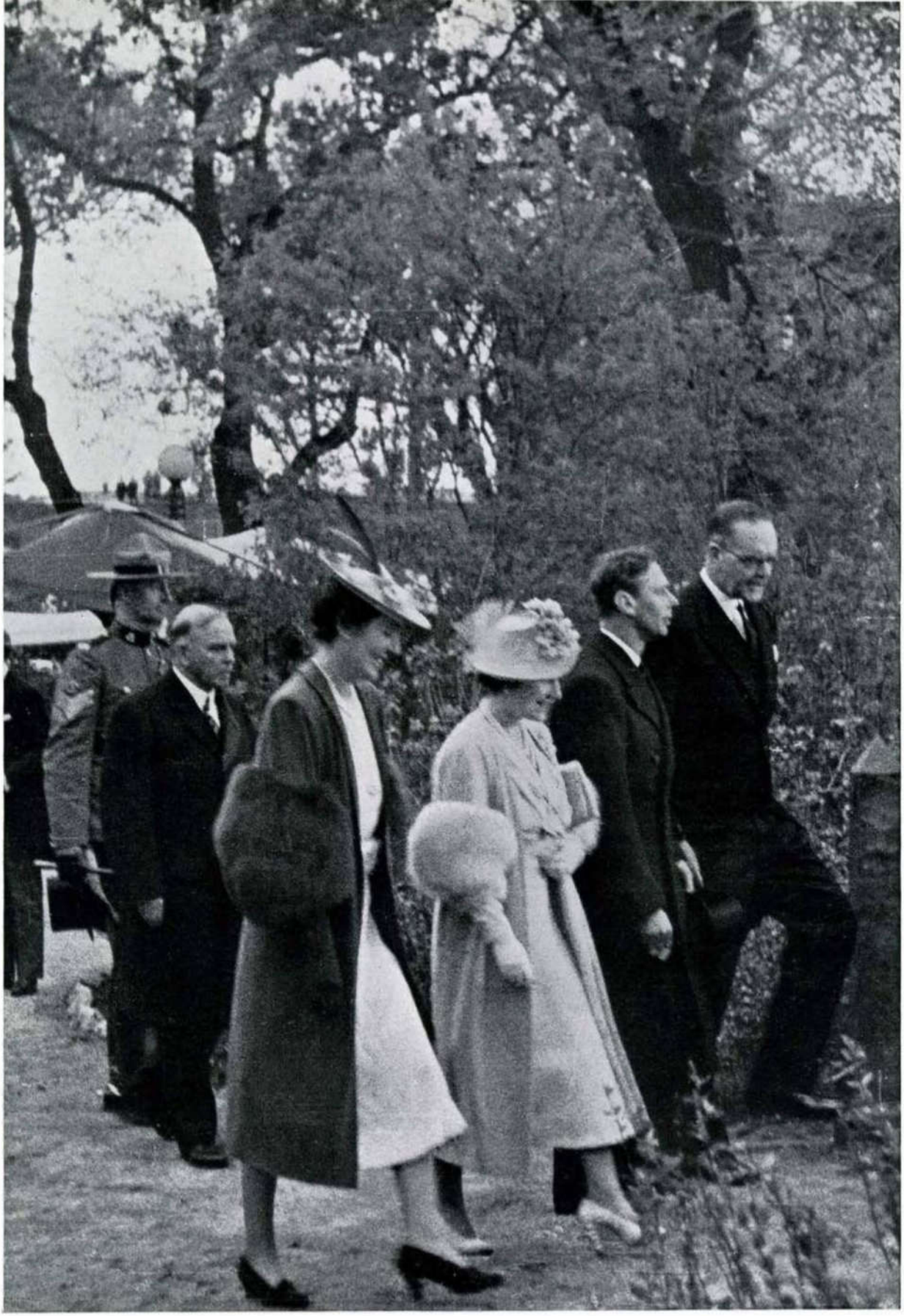
Above is the Guard of Honour at Hudson's Bay House: a detachment of the Lord Strathcona's Horse (R.C.), a regiment raised and financed in 1900 by the late Lord Strathcona who was Governor of the Company from 1889-1914.

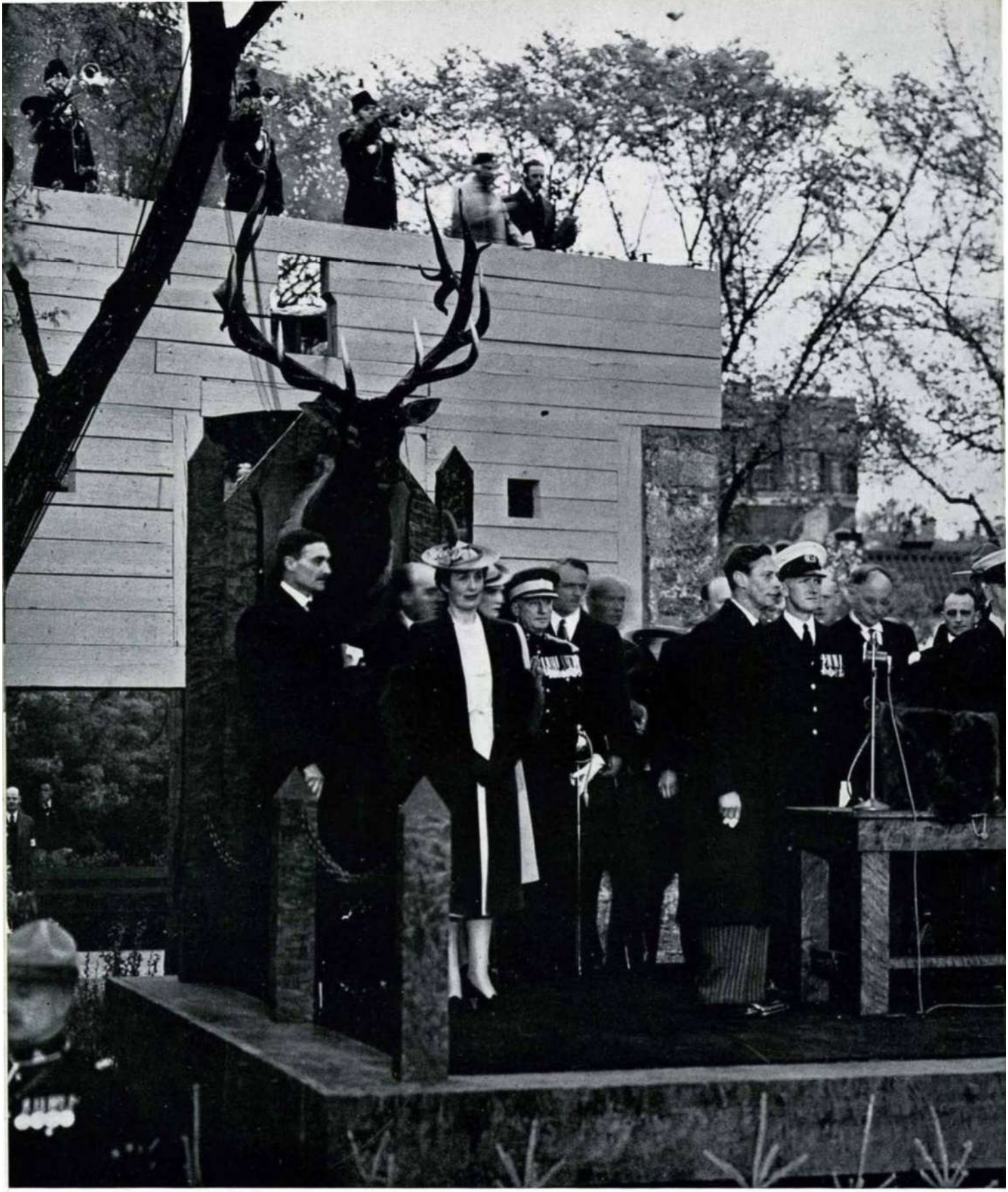
The following pages show: the Governor, Mr. Patrick Ashley Cooper, welcoming the King and Queen; the Royal Standard being broken out above Fort Garry Gate; the King and Queen accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, followed by the Prime Minister, proceeding to the stand where the ceremony took place. Their Majesties and the official party having taken their places on the Royal stand, there is a fanfare of trumpets from the uniformed men standing on top of the gate. Beside them may be seen men of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation who were giving a running account by radio. Mr. Cooper reads the Company's address to the King; he kneels to present the two black beaver skins, and the presentation over, the King and Queen examine the pelts and the old *made beaver* coins attached to them. Below, inside the gate itself a radio engineer works steadily for the efficiency of the broadcast. On the final pages the King and Queen are preparing to leave. They walk over to read the tablets on the gate before going out to their car on Main Street.

Pictures by Brigden's, Paul W. Hunter, E. Matthews, W. Maclean, W. McNeill, Harry Rowed.

HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE







FORT GARRY
PARK

THE ROYAL TRAIN
CANADA

Sir,

28th May, 1939

The King commands me to express to you, as Governor of the Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, His Majesty's appreciation of the Tribute which you, in fulfilment of the terms of the Company's charter, rendered to him at Fort Garry on May 24th last.

The Elk-heads and black Beaver-skins constituting this tribute will always be to His Majesty a valued memento of his historic visit to Rupertsland, and of the long association of his Family with your famous Company.

I am also to convey to you, to the Deputy Governor, and the Chairman of the Canadian Committee, The King's sincere thanks for the terms of the Address presented to him on this occasion.

I am,

Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

Acting Private Secretary to The King.

Patrick Ashley Cooper, Esq.,
Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company,
Winnipeg

STATEMENT

of Roderick MacFarlane

A fur trader for forty-three years, Chief Factor MacFarlane was a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, of the Royal Colonial Institute, and of the Imperial Institute. He was also a member of the National Geographical Society and of the American Ornithological Society. He was a prodigious traveller and a great fur trader, so that on his retirement all precedents were broken and he continued to hold his commission for two more years.

Chief Factor MacFarlane was the father of the Mackenzie River Transport. At his instigation the first northern steamships were built: the Grahame *at Chipewyan in 1885, and a little later the* Wrigley *at Fort Smith. Fort Smith was established by Mr. MacFarlane in 1874.*

Mr. MacFarlane was born at Stornoway in 1835. He died in 1920. The following factual account of his strange experience was written in reply to a detailed inquiry made by More Adey, Esq., of Oxford University, who wrote Mr. MacFarlane in 1883 for corroboration of what he called "the funeral of the old man" described by Butler in his book Good Words.

The Statement *is reproduced as Mr. MacFarlane wrote it for Mr. Adey. It was given to* THE BEAVER *by W. A. Preston.*

ON the fifteenth day of March, 1853, Augustus Richard Peers, a fur trader and post manager in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, departed this life at Fort McPherson, Peel's river, in the Mackenzie River District, Arctic America. Although he had occasionally complained of ill health, his death after a few days' sickness at the comparatively early age of thirty-three years, was entirely unexpected. He was of Anglo-Irish origin, an able officer, much esteemed by his friends and popular among the Indians. During a residence of, I think, eleven years in that remote district, he had been stationed for two or three Outfit seasons at "Head-quarters," Fort Simpson, and afterwards at Forts Norman and McPherson. In 1849, Mr. Peers was married to the eldest daughter of the late Chief Trader John Bell of the Hudson's Bay Company. They had two children. In 1855 the widow married the late Alexander McKenzie, who succeeded Mr. Peers at Fort McPherson.

While a resident of both Norman and McPherson, the deceased had been heard to express a strong dislike, in the event of his death, that his bones should rest at either spot. Mr. Peers was thought to have made a holograph will some time previous to his demise; but if so, he must have mislaid or destroyed it, as no such document ever turned up.

Having entered the service of the Company in 1852, I was appointed to the Mackenzie River District the following year, and reached Fort Simpson five months after Mr. Peers' death, where I met his widow and infant children. In the autumn of 1859, at the urgent request of Mrs. McKenzie and her husband, it was decided that the long contemplated transfer of the remains of Mr. Peers from their place of interment at Peel's River to Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie, should be carried out that winter. Mr. Charles P. (now Chief Trader) Gaudet, then in charge of Fort McPherson, agreed to convey the body by dog train to my trade post at Fort Good Hope, a distance of three hundred miles, while I undertook to render it at its final destination, some five hundred miles further south.

Fort McPherson is situated about one degree north of the Arctic Circle. The soil in its neighborhood is marshy, and frost is ever present at a shallow depth beneath the surface. On being exhumed by Mr. Gaudet, the body was found in much the same condition it had assumed shortly after its burial. It was then removed from the original coffin, and placed in a new and unnecessarily large coffin which, secured by a moose skin wrapper and lines on a Hudson's Bay dog sled or train, made it an extremely awkward and difficult load for men and dogs to haul and conduct over the rugged masses of tossed-up ice which annually occur at intervals along the mighty Mackenzie river, especially in the higher and more rapid portion of its course towards the northern ocean.

On the first day of March, 1860, Mr. Gaudet arrived at Good Hope and delivered up the body to my care, and I set out for Fort Simpson. The coffin was fixed on one team or train of three dogs conducted by an Iroquois Indian from Caughnawaga, near Montreal, named Michel Thomas (since deceased), while the second train carried our bedding, voyaging utensils and provisions. I myself led the march on snowshoes, and after seven days of very hard and trying labor, owing to the unusual depth of the snow and much rugged ice, the first two hundred miles of our journey to the nearest point (Fort Norman) from Good Hope, was successfully accomplished. At this place Mr. Nicol Taylor (now deceased) strongly pointed out that unless the coffin was removed, and the body properly secured on the train, it would be almost impossible to travel over the vast masses of tossed-up ice which were sure to be encountered at certain points between here and Fort Simpson. As I had previously gone twice over the ground in winter, and had already had some experience of *bourdions*, I acted on his advice, and we had subsequently good reason for congratulation on having done so.

After one day's rest at Norman, we started on the last and longest portion of the journey. There was no intervening station at that time, and we met few Indians. The Iroquois Thomas remained with the body train. The baggage train and man from Good Hope were exchanged at Norman for fresh animals and a new driver named Michel Iroquois. Mr. Taylor also assisted me in beating the track for the party, he having volunteered to accompany the remains of his former master and friend, Mr. Peers.

A full description of winter travelling in this country may be learned from the pages of Franklin, Back, Richardson and Butler. Here it may be briefly stated that we got under way by four o'clock in the morning; dined at some convenient spot about noon, and after an hour's rest, resumed our march until sunset, when we laid up for the night, generally in a pine bluff on the top of or close to the immediate bank of the river. Clearing away the snow to the ground for a space of about ten feet square, cutting and carrying pine brush for carpeting the camp and collecting firewood for cooking and warming up purposes, usually occupied us for about an hour. Another hour would see supper over and the dogs fed, and by the end of the next sixty or more minutes, most of the party would be sound asleep. Except on two occasions to be presently mentioned, the train carrying the body of the deceased was invariably hauled up and placed for the night in the immediate rear of our encampment, and except also on the first of the said occasions, our dogs never exhibited any desire to get at same, nor did they seem in the slightest degree affected by its presence in our midst.

About sunset on the fifteenth day of March, 1860, the seventh anniversary of poor Peers' death, we were obliged to encamp at a short distance above *Roche qui trampe a l'eau*, the rock by the riverside of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, as there was no better place within easy reach. The banks here were high, rocky and steep, and we had to leave both trains on the ice; we experienced much difficulty in scrambling up the bank with our axes, snowshoes, bedding and provisions for supper and breakfast. The dogs were unharnessed and remained below, while the weather was calm and comparatively fine and mild. The bank rose about thirty feet to the summit where, on a shelving flat some thirty feet beyond, we selected a position for the night. All hands then set about making the camp, cutting and carrying the requisite supply of pine brush and firewood.

After being thus busily employed for ten or twelve minutes, the dogs began to bark and we at once concluded that Indians were approaching us, as this was a part of the river where a few were frequently met with. We, however, continued our work, the dogs still barking, though not so loudly or fiercely as they usually do under similar circumstances. Neither the dogs nor sleds were visible from the camp, but only from the summit of the river bank. While talking with Mr. Taylor about the expected Indians, we all distinctly heard the word "Marche!" (I may remark that French terms are almost universally applied to hauling dogs and their work in the Northwest Territories of Canada.) It seemed to have been uttered by someone at the foot of the bank who wished to drive away the dogs in his path, and we all left off work in order to see who the stranger was; but as no one appeared in sight, Michel Thomas and myself proceeded to the aforesaid summit, where, to our astonishment, no man was visible, while the dogs were seen surrounding the body train at a distance of several feet, and still apparently excited at something. We had to call to them repeatedly before they gave up barking, but after a few minutes they desisted and then somehow managed to ascend the bank to our encampment, where they remained perfectly quiet for the night, and thereafter continued as indifferent as before in respect to the deceased's body.

It struck me at the time I heard it that the word *marche* was ennunciated in a clearer manner than I had ever before known an Indian do so, as they seldom get beyond a *mashe* or *masse* pronunciation of the term.

On the eighteenth day of March we were compelled to travel two hours after dark in order to find a suitable encampment, and although we discovered a tolerably good place near the head of a large island on the Mackenzie, yet it was not an easy matter to ascend a perpendicular bank of some twelve feet in height. The baggage train being now rather light, by tying a line to the foremost dog, we managed to drag it and them to the top. The same plan answered with the dogs of the body train; but we considered it beyond our power to get it up, and we were therefore reluctantly obliged to leave it below. After cutting a trail through thick willows for about thirty or forty yards, we reached the edge of a dense forest of small spruce, where we camped. The customary operations were at once attended to, and when most of the work was over

Richard Peers died at Fort McPherson.

I turned up with some firewood from a distance where I had been collecting a lot for the night.

Mr. Taylor then asked me if I had heard a very loud call or yell twice repeated from the direction of the river.

I said "No," as my cap ear protectors were closely tied down owing to the cold wind, and the thicket very dense.

The two Iroquois corroborated Mr. Taylor's statement, but to settle the matter and find out if any Indian had followed our tracks, we all proceeded to the bank, where nothing could be seen or heard, and we at once decided on having the body train hauled up by sheer force, and it proved a tough job to do so.

We remembered our experience of the fifteenth of March, and when we set out early next morning we had reason to congratulate ourselves on taking this trouble, as on reaching the spot from which we had removed the body train, we discovered that a *carcajon* or wolverine had been there during the night. To those who know the power of this destructive animal, I need not say that he would have played havoc with the aforesaid remains.

Fort Simpson was at length reached without a recurrence of anything of an unusual nature, in the forenoon of the twenty-first of March, and the body was duly buried in the adjacent graveyard on the twenty-third of that month. Shortly after my arrival, Mr. Taylor and I recounted everything to Chief Trader Bernard R. Ross (since deceased), the district manager, who had been an intimate friend and countryman of Mr. Peers. Mr. Ross was a good mimic and had an excellent memory. He was asked to utter the word *marche* in the voice of the deceased, and while I at once recognized the tone as similar to that heard by us at our encampment of the fifteenth of March, Mr. Taylor had no doubt whatever on the subject.

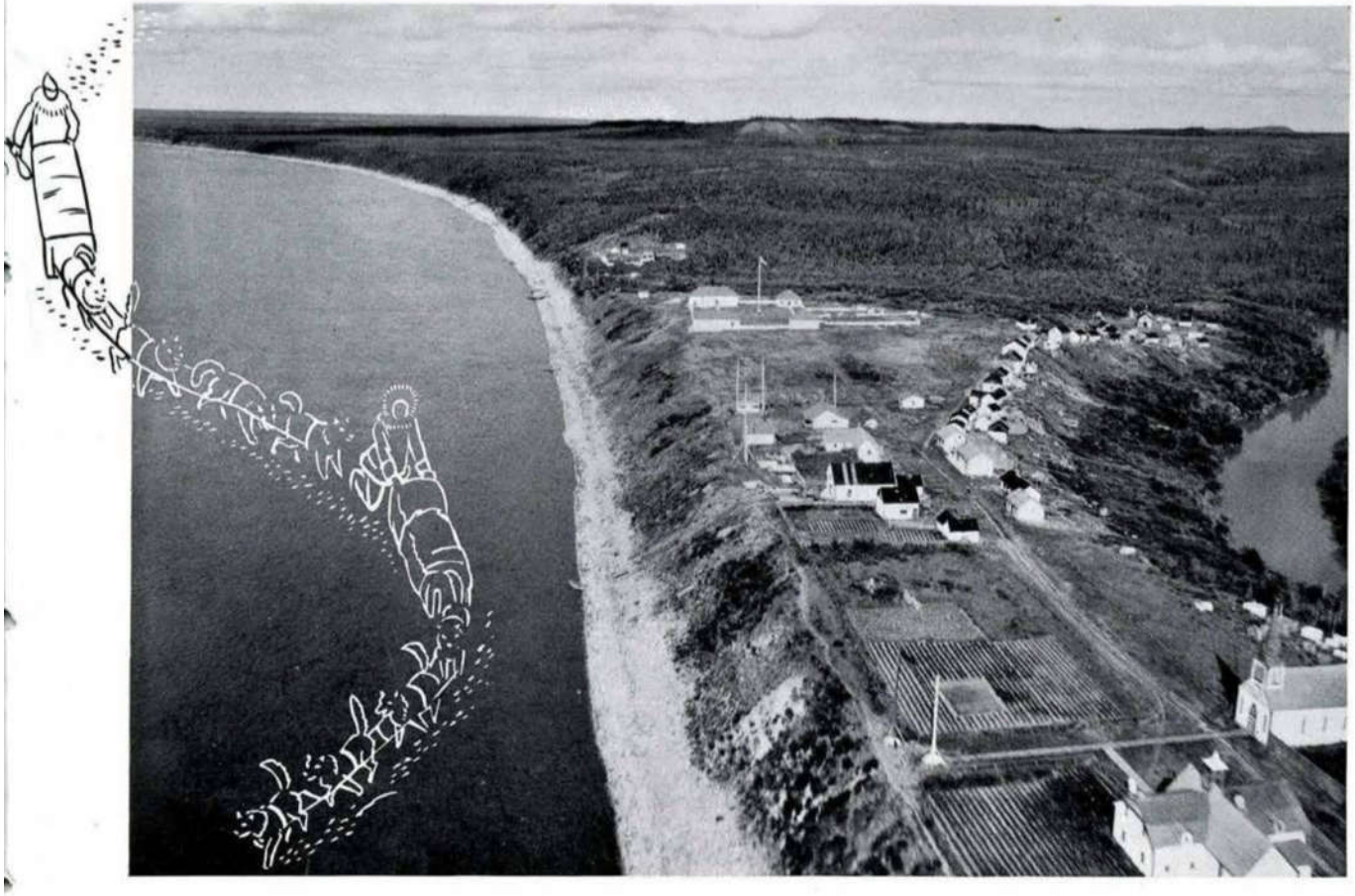
During my stay at Fort Simpson, I occupied a shakedown bed in the same room with Mr. Ross, and at a distance from his of some eight or ten feet. On the first or second night after retiring and extinguishing the candle light, while conversing on the subject of the rather remarkable occurrences narrated herein (including the supposed disappearance of his will) relating to the deceased, I became overpoweringly conscious of what struck me then and since to have been the spiritual or supernatural presence of the late Mr. Peers. The feeling, however, came on so very suddenly and scaringly that I instantly covered my face with the blanket and remained speechless. After an interval of perhaps only a few seconds Mr. Ross (whose voice had also ceased) in a somewhat excited tone asked me if I had experienced a very peculiar sensation. I answered that I had and described the feeling, which he assured me agreed exactly with what he himself had just undergone. I know from experience what nightmare is; but while it is most unlikely that two individuals who were carrying on a conversation in which they felt a deep interest should be thus attacked simultaneously, it may be stated that neither of us had partaken of any wines, spirits or anything else which could have brought on a nightmare.

I leave it to others, if they can, to give a reasonable account or explanation of the facts I have here stated; but if it be assumed as an axiom that the spirits of some of the dead are occasionally permitted to revisit former scenes and to take more or less interest in their discarded bodies, then from what we have incidentally learned of the late Mr. Peers' sentiments in respect to the final disposition of his remains, what other or more natural course would the spirit of such a man be expected to take with the view of preventing any unnecessary desecration of them than that apparently adopted on the nights of the fifteenth and eighteenth of March, 1860?

From the position of our camp of the fifteenth of March, it may be taken for granted that it was almost impossible to have hauled the body train up such a steep and rugged rocky bank. Dogs are invariably hungry at the end of a long day's travel and, as the weather was fine that day, they may have scented the still fresh and perfect remains, and probably desired to get at them, while their barking at and position around the sled would, on any other hypothesis, be at least equally strange and unaccountable. Of course, there was danger from wolves and wolverines, but it is presumed that spirits know more than mortals. On the night of March eighteenth, however, although the bank was very difficult of ascent (to get up one had first to raise and push a man till he laid hold of the root of a stout willow by which he hoisted himself to the top, and then threw us a line which aided the rest) it was not insurmountable; and as a most vicious and destructive animal actually visited the spot where we intended leaving the body train for the night, but for the calls and yells referred to, I again ask what other course than that mentioned would any man or spirit possessed of future knowledge be likely to take? And as to the extraordinary feeling experienced by Mr. Ross and myself at the moment when we were talking about the deceased and his supposed will, if it be possible for spirits to communicate with mortals, might this not have arisen (as I actually felt at the time) from a desire on his part to convey some information to us who evinced so deep an interest in the matter but which, from losing our presence of mind, we missed the opportunity of ascertaining.

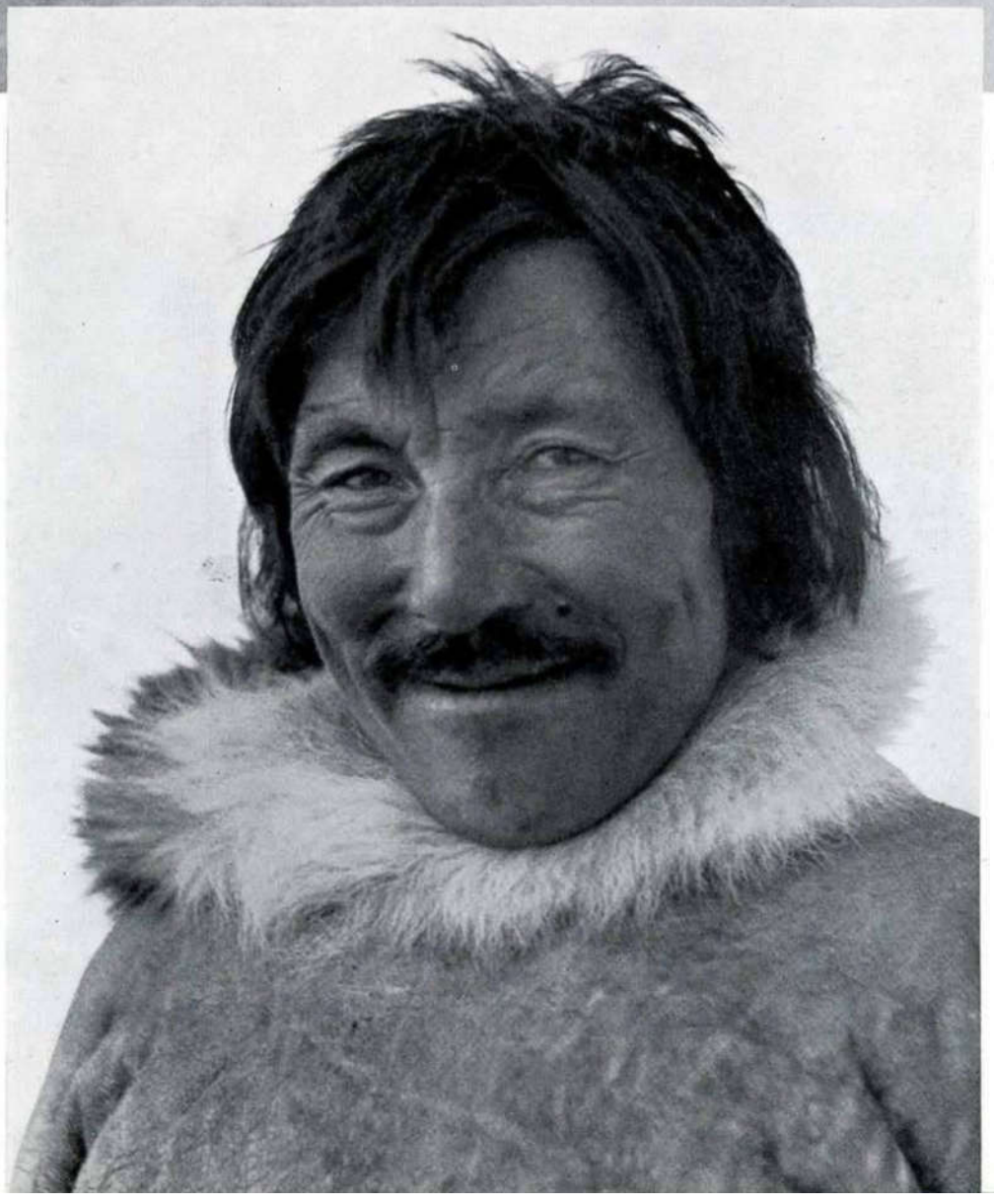
The foregoing facts made so indelible an impression on my mind that I firmly believe that my present account of them does not in any material point differ from what I communicated to Mr. Ross at the time, and repeatedly since to others. I also distinctly remember the occasion on which I gave similar details to General Sir William F. (then Captain) Butler, K.C.B. It was at Green Lake post, North-West Territory, in the month of February, 1873. Captain Butler soon after proceeded to Ashanti, where he experienced a very severe attack of illness, and he, moreover, wrote me that he had taken poetical license with my narrative, and this will naturally account for the discrepancies between the statements I have given in this paper and his story of same in *Good Words* for 1877.

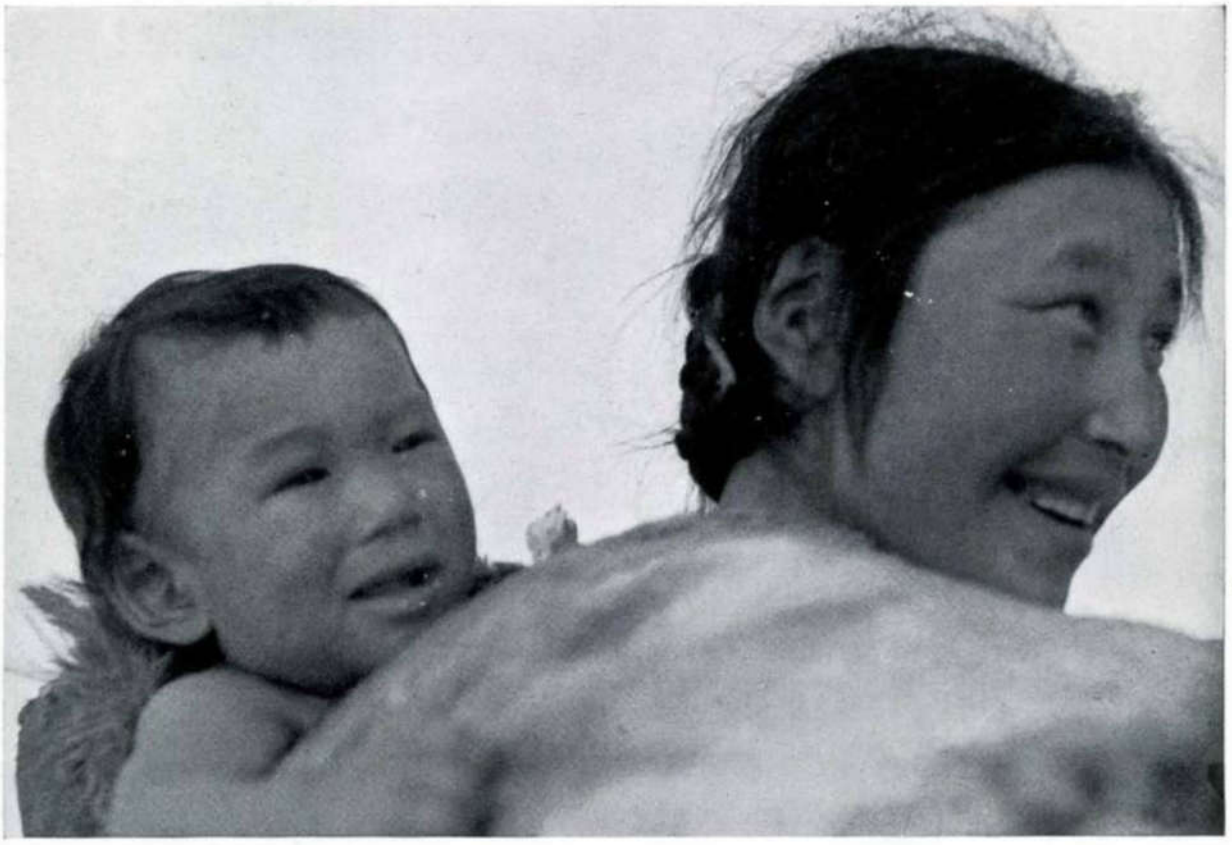
MacFarlane took charge of the funeral train at Fort Good Hope.

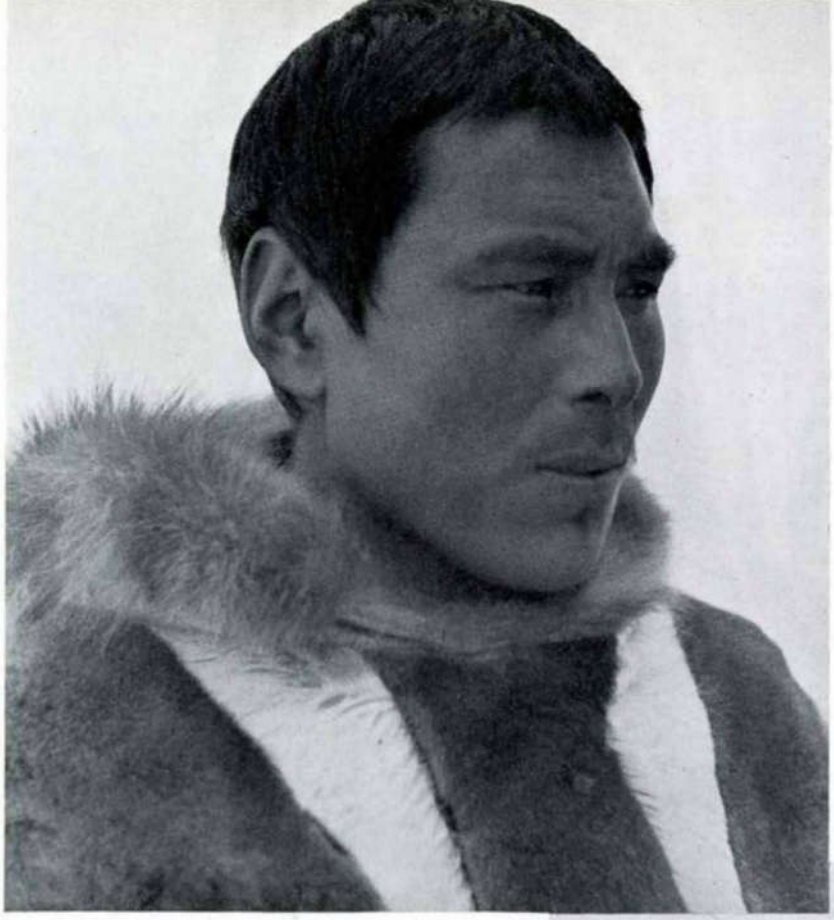


King William Island Post

THE post at Gjoa Haven on King William island was built in 1927. These pictures were taken by Chief Trader William Gibson, F.R.G.S., who has been responsible for building up the Company's trade in that territory, and who this year moves farther north to Bellot Strait to take charge of Fort Ross. Mr. Gibson sent out his negatives by the *Nascopie* a year ago, and the prints were dispatched to him on this year's supply ship. As a result, we do not know the names of the men pictured here, nor of the accompanying picture which appears on the cover of this issue. An Arctic expert said they were members of the Ivelik tribe. The last picture in the series is Chief Trader Gibson himself.







LORENE SQUIRE

Slave Indian women at Norman

An Indian Agent's Wife—

Told by Annie Card
to Helen Rutherford

ONE very hot Dominion Day in 1911, I was one of a little group of people to arrive on the S.S. *Mackenzie River* at Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie river. We had been nearly six weeks travelling north, sometimes waiting by the way for a scow to be built, ice to clear, or a storm to blow over on Great Slave lake, and it was a relief to have the long journey over, and to reach the little island that stands just below where the Liard river joins the Mackenzie. My husband had been sent north by the Dominion Government to establish an Indian agency in the district. We climbed the clay steps cut in the steep bank to where a small group of people waited to welcome the first boat of the year. The Hudson's Bay fort, with its whitewashed buildings, one of the oldest in that country, looked imposing, facing up the river on the outer bank. Near by was the little Anglican church and mission, the priests' house, and a cluster of Indian cabins.

We put up our tents in the enclosure of the fort where the factor kindly offered us shelter until we could get settled, and were soon busy unpacking our year's supply of food. Some of the bacon had turned rancid, and for days we toiled in the July heat, battling flies, while we scraped and salted and hung hundreds of pounds of bacon.

One of our first worries was the thieving dogs. We had brought along sleigh dogs, bought at Fort Chipewyan, and when unstaked they were too much for us. Stealing a precious ham from the pot in which it was boiling on the stove one day, they had it eaten to the bone before we could rescue it. In my tent to my dismay I found my bag open and every thing that could be eaten gone; two cakes of toilet soap; of little Katie's kid gloves only the buttons remained, and the covers were gone from her book of Bible stories. One night a tin camp stove disappeared. I was sure when I heard a crashing and banging noise that we were all to be massacred, but the noise died away in the distance. In the morning we found the stove pipes down and the stove gone, but after a search we discovered one of our dogs crouched near a path with his head stuck through a stove hole. He had tried to get at the crumbs the children had thrown in, and when his head stuck in the opening had departed, struggling to remove the stove.

The little cabin we had taken until we could build a home, faced the river. In the kitchen the Arctic winds drove the snow up around the sills each winter, but in summer there were shafts of sunlight across the floor long into the night. The little window that swung out gave us a view of the broad river. Inside, the tall cupboard was filled with the flowered china I had brought with me. The home-made doors had huge Hudson's Bay hinges and locks. This cabin, I believe, was originally built for the Company interpreter. The walls were papered with newsprint and illustrations which had been there for many years. We repapered the walls, after tearing off layer upon layer of old paper. One layer had pictures of the South African War. After much cleaning and scrubbing I hung my grass mats on the bedroom walls, a few pictures in the living-room, and the result was pleasing.

At night we sat around the fire and read the books we had borrowed from the fort museum, which then had a valuable collection of old classics. When the coal-oil became scarce, we opened the door of the stove and by the light from the fire read Samuel Johnson's essays aloud to each other. Every night a mouse would pop his head out of the thumb-hole in the cellar hatch, and we could hear many more scampering in the attic and between the walls. I made a trap of a bowl propped up by a thimble filled with cheese on a plate, which proved its worth many times.

Every day we had Indians coming to the door wanting rations, fish nets, twine and tobacco. Time meant

Fort Simpson at the junction of the Liard and Mackenzie rivers.

nothing and they were never in a hurry. What could not be done today could be done tomorrow and there were plenty of tomorrows. When the first callers, a group of Indian women, came, I was alone with my small daughter and felt a little timid. I shook their grimy hands and asked them to come in. These people were bush Indians and did not come to the fort very often. I showed them my shining new stove, but the mirror was the best attraction. They laughed as they peeked at themselves and hid their faces in their shawls. One very old woman, wrinkled and grey and dirty, wore a suit of rabbit skin torn into strips and knitted. The skirt was short and the shirt part came to her knees. She squatted with the others on the floor and I saw her fondling the rocking-chair while I made tea. Afterwards I took them around to see my hens, and this was the most entertaining part of the afternoon. They laughed at the funny noises the hens made and were curious about them scratching away there in the sunlight.

In the fall these women travelled along with their men when the whole camp went for fish, usually to some island. Tipis were set up and fires made on a bed of stones. The women cleaned the fish and fed the entrails to the dogs. Then the fish were hung on long willow sticks sharpened at one end, twelve to a stick. We always hoped for cold weather when the boats were returning so that the fish would be in good condition. If a warm spell came, we could smell the fish long before its arrival. The frozen white-fish were piled like wood in the warehouse, and the rest hung on fish-stages, high platforms made out of reach of the dogs; so that we had food for ourselves, Indians and dogs.

The food question was all important. We never could get enough fresh meat and got very tired of rancid bacon. When we could get prairie-chicken it was a great treat. One day I tried something different. A flat grey looking object like the sole of a shoe was left at my door. Later, an Indian came to tell what a fine present he had left for me. A beaver tail was supposed to be very good to eat. "Good," he said; so I cooked it and explained to my family what a delicacy it was, but it looked flatter and greyer on the platter and the cooking was not a success except for "Granny" Villeneuve who carried it home, very pleased. Another delicacy the Indians loved was moose nose.

When hunting and trapping, the natives lived in small cabins deep in the woods and travelled many miles following their traplines. The women snared rabbits which they skinned and cooked heads and all. The skins were knitted into clothing or robes for the children. If the men of the camp were fortunate in shooting a moose, the hide was handed over to the women to tan. They stretched the skin on four poles similar to a quilting frame, scraping it with sharp stones until every bit of hair was off. After this it had to be smoked and rubbed until soft and pliable, ready to be made into gloves, coats, moccasins, and many other articles. They also did beadwork and made hat bands of dyed porcupine quills, and gloves of white deerskin. When the young men came in at Christmas they were decked out in much finery made for them by their best girls.

The autumn days were the loveliest of the whole year, when the air was sharp and clear and the dog-paths through the woods were bright with colored leaves and berries. In our walks through the woods we sometimes had Granny Villeneuve coming slowly after, toeing in as do most natives, her shawl held tightly across her thin old arms. She was the mother of Joe Villeneuve, my husband's interpreter, who lived nearby in a cabin surrounded by empty tin cans and chips upon which his emaciated sleigh dogs made their bed. Granny went the rounds of the Hudson's Bay fort, the English Church mission and ourselves doing little jobs. Her bank book was a large black box full of things that she had collected. This was her one treasure. In it were a few yards of cashmere, some colored print, washed flour bags, yards of black velvet ribbon used as trimming for the bottom of the skirts, and a black shawl. Nothing was ever made up or used, but often taken out to look at.

Granny told us many things on our walks. Once when I saw a glinting object in a tree and found a platform built there with an alarm clock, a brush and comb, a knife, some tins and a bundle of clothing, Granny said, "Johnny Moses, he die two years ago." These were Johnny's things, and no one would think of touching them.

There was an old man who used to visit us often. He had been a hunter but he had grown too old to hunt. His ancient coat had pleats and buttons at the back and it was very long; his leggings were tied above the knees. He wore a bright arrow sash tied in loops at his back, but he would never wear trousers, and if given a pair he promptly cut the seat out of them. His hair stood out around his face in long grey dirty wisps.

My husband would say, "Casson, why don't you wash your hair?"

"No soap," said Casson.

"I'll give you soap. Here, go to the river and wash; make your hair pretty and white."

So Casson came often for soap. One day to tease him we told him he should hunt and bring us something for the soap. A few days later up the bank he came and pulled a white-fish from under his old shirt. "Brought fish," he grunted, and handed it to me. We thanked him and gave him something from our supplies and he went away pleased. The high smelling fish went to the sleigh dogs who downed it without even chewing.

Northern dogs had a thin time in summer. Their Indian masters made little effort to feed them when they were not working. Out of what seemed a flat patch of old fur, a head would be lifted wearily and two eyes alert for food. In the winter they got their fish at the end of a day's work. Their work was to haul fur and wood, sometimes hundreds of pounds of it. Whips made of thongs with shot interwoven at intervals, would sing through the frosty air taking wads of fur out of their hides. I remember a small yellow dog that used to come to my kitchen window. He belonged to an Indian who had a trapline on one of the back trails. Every morning with jingle of bells and shouts the dog team went by. This small yellow leader, old and with only one eye, the other having been burst by a whip, pulled faithfully, his thin body and long legs stretched to the limit. One day after a spell of intense cold I missed him. Poor One-eye had been frozen to death on a doorstep during the night. I could not keep back the tears. These dogs could easily have had a shelter of pine boughs to keep off the cold winds. Mornings after a snowstorm, I would look out and see mounds of snow in the open. Then the dogs would shake themselves and emerge from the mounds ready for another day.

A handsome dog was left at the post one day by a trader. Not long afterwards I saw him running near my door, his sides so thin they seemed to clap together. I called him and fed him, for never had I seen such a starved, miserable dog. Then an Indian knocked at the door and asked if I had seen his dog. Tiger cringed out of sight behind the stove. I scolded the man and told him he could not have the dog unless he promised to feed him. Tiger left, but always when his master was around he would find his way back for food.

New Year's day is a big festival in the north. At Christmas the natives bring their furs and settle around in cabins by the river. For days we would see them arriving like black snakes on the river from north and south, their long dog teams behind them as they ran. Several miles away from the fort, they made a stop to smarten themselves and the dogs. Black velvet saddle blankets, brightly beaded and fringed with red, white, green and blue wool were fastened on the backs of the dogs. Fox tails and coloured ribbons decorated the leather collars and standing-irons. Up the hill they would come, the men shouting as they swung through the gates of the fort with their carriole piled with furs, heading for the Big House.

We prepared for New Year's day for some time ahead. A hundred pounds of flour was made into bannock and cut into little round cakes. A boiler full of tea was on the stove in the morning. At seven o'clock the natives fired off their rifles as a salute to the New Year, and then, dressed in their best, they began to call; on the Company fort, on Bishop Lucas, Father Andurand, and on the Government (ourselves). All day they came and squatted in circles on the floor, men, women and children. Much bannock and tea were passed around, some being stowed away in red bandanas to be eaten later. The squaws had their babies rolled in moss diapers and neatly tucked in moss-bags on their backs, and were decked out with the trinkets bought with their share of the fur money.

The winter was a long lonely time. Under a thick blanket of snow the country was silent and still, and it was dark and very cold for long stretches of time. The sun came up over the brim and soon sank out of sight again. Sometimes a hunter came in and said he had killed a moose forty miles away and would sell us some meat. We were glad to get fresh meat, so Joe, the interpreter, would go with his dog team to get a hind quarter and would perhaps be back in three days. Travelling was often done at night in the bright moonlight. Or a hunter came in who had caught a silver fox, and rival traders would jingle out to bid for it. Or the only sound to break the silence was a coyote howling near the little graveyard with its white crosses.

Spring comes slowly in the north country. As the sun gets stronger, dark patches appear on the river, the huge hummocks of ice dwindle, and there are loud booms as the river breaks. Travel by dog sleigh ceased, though sometimes trappers risked losing their loads and their lives by trying to cross during the break-up. We were prisoners on the island while the ice piled high blocking the passage. Then slowly it loosened and moved north. After two weeks of crunching, tossing fields of ice going swiftly by, the swollen river was clear and we began to watch every day for boats. Before the arrival of the steamboat from outside, many smaller boats came. The two York boats from up the Liard river looked very impressive with their high prows and their powerful oars painted red and royal blue, the oarsmen wearing Hudson's Bay caps with shiny peaks and a squirrel tail stuck in the gold band. These men were coming down from Fort Nelson with fur, bringing their families for the outing. This annual trip to meet the steamboat was a good time for everybody, and the fort was full of activity. Tents were set up on the grounds and everyone was happy. Bands of Indians, Slave, Dogrib, and Yellowknife, came in their boats and birchbark canoes down from the Great Slave lake, and Fort Nelson, in from the Barren Lands, and up from the lower Mackenzie, to receive their treaty money.

One day we would see a thin column of smoke, and the steamboat arrived bringing letters from our friends and a fresh supply of food. We had been trading with each other for weeks, tea for bacon, canned goods for sugar, all done in good faith and with promises to return kind for kind faithfully kept. Tons of provisions and bales of goods were carried up the clay steps in the steep bank. Much bacon arrived of course. It has saved lives in more ways than one, and has even been known to save a steamboat that had run on a rock.

There was nothing to mend the hole in its hull but a slab of sowbelly, and it did its work well. It has also brought safely to shore a boat out in a storm on the lake and without firewood. Slabs of bacon were thrown into the fire-box of the boiler until a wooding-up place could be reached.

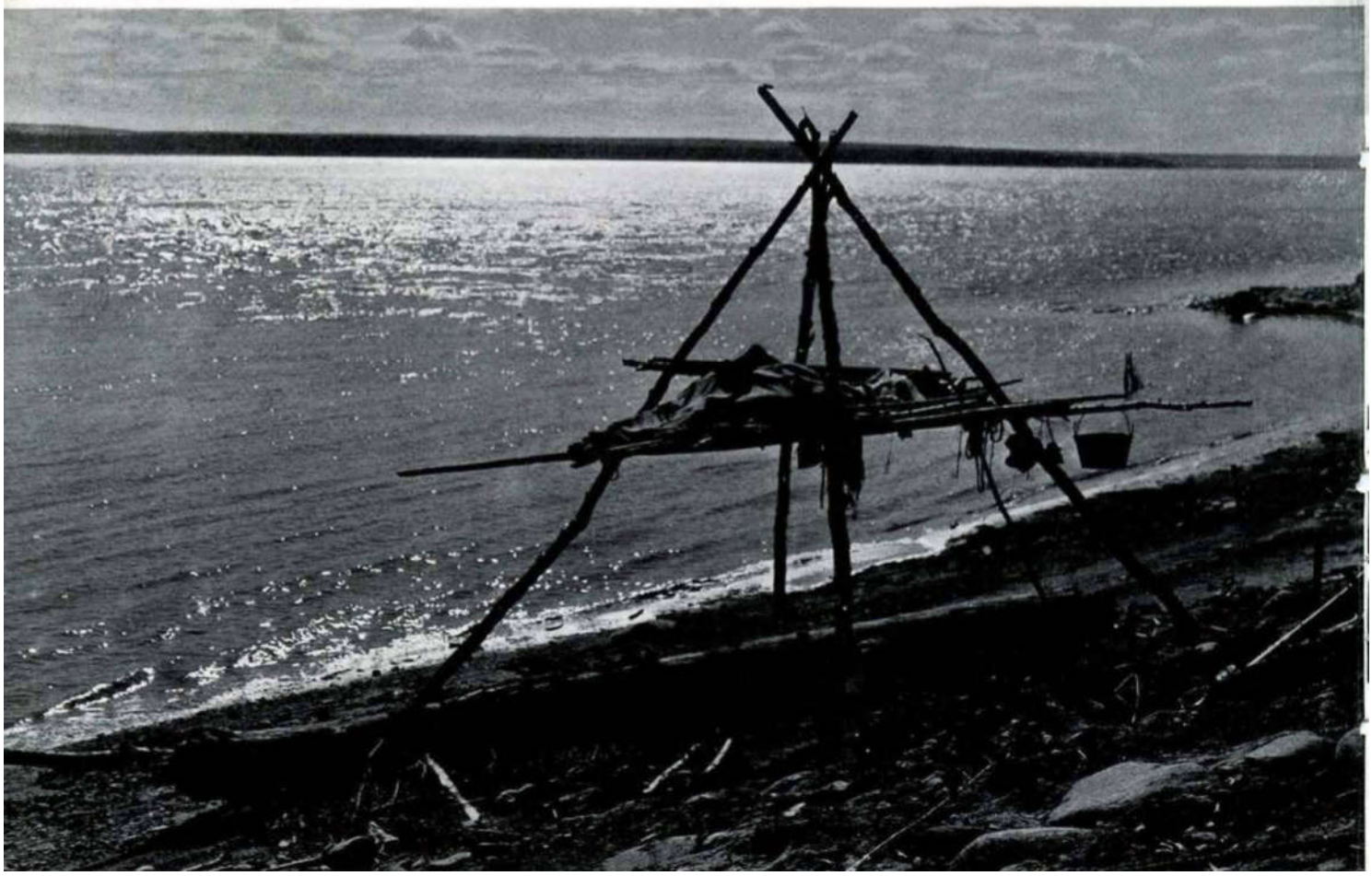
There was dancing on boat night at the fort. I could hear the lively fiddle and the stamping and shouting and calling off of square dances, amid the howls of the visiting dogs staked outside. It went on all night with light provided by the midnight sun. Sometimes those who had bought their year's permitted supply of liquor proceeded to use it up in one grand celebration, and it was all gone in a few days. They were all like improvident Indians, always in a state of feast or famine. If a sack of flour was issued to them they gathered in their friends and feasted until it was finished, and then they were without food again. We grew large fields of potatoes and gave the Indians seed, with instructions how to plant and cultivate. But when the potatoes began to grow, the Indians were wanting to go to their fishing, so they dug them up when they were the size of marbles and ate them.

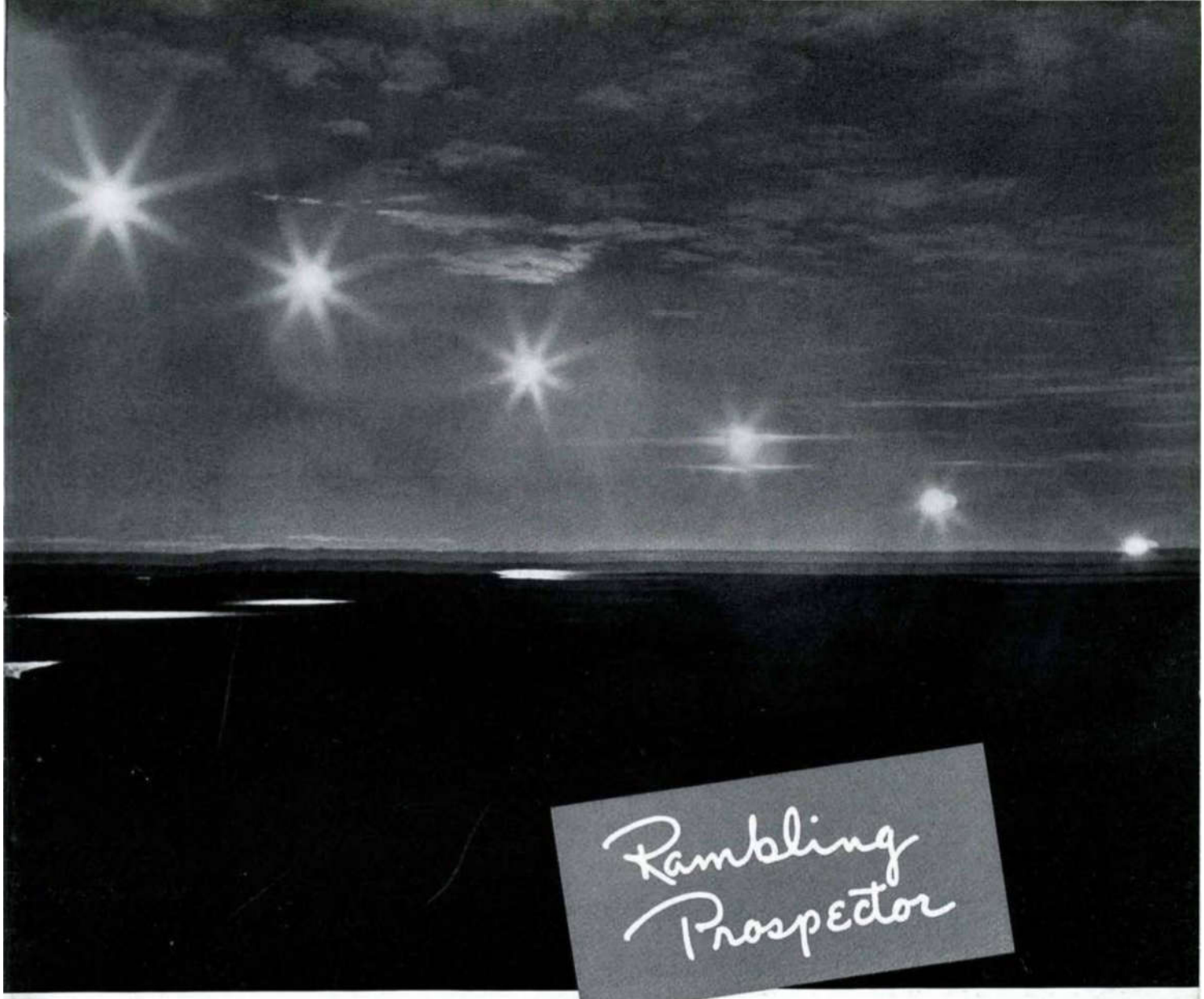
Soon after the boat arrived, the Indians congregated on the lower flat for their treaty money. My husband, who was the treaty paying officer, accompanied by an interpreter and a Royal Mounted Policeman, set up a tent there as an office. Each Indian had his name and number and the name of his band registered in a book. When he was called he was given his money, and the more children he had, the larger his pay. This sometimes led to families growing faster than normal during the year, and my husband would have to straighten out the domestic tangle and put the children in the niche where they really belonged. The weather was usually very hot at this time and the mosquitoes maddening. After treaty money was paid, rations such as flour, tea, bacon, tobacco and twine for fish nets were given out. The chief of each band was responsible for the distribution of rations, so much being given to the head of each family. He himself received a new navy blue suit with brass buttons and a peaked cap.

July always brought an Indian dance. The hunters would go into the forest and shoot a moose for the feast. My husband would give them a sack of flour and some tea. All afternoon the women would be busy baking bannock on a big wood fire, with a bed of rocks. The moose was hung with an iron hook on a tripod of green willow poles over the fire. Everyone was invited and made welcome. There were hundreds of people congregated on that flat piece of land near the bank and they made a picture full of motion and color, with the river in the background and the far bank covered with green. We went down and shook hands with the chief, and then came back to watch. They all had knives and a sharp stick, and speared the meat with the stick, put it in their mouths and then with their knives cut off what they could chew. After the feast the tomtoms were warmed up near the fire. Then the Nelson chief gave the start of tum-ti-tum ti-ti-tum, and several others joined in. Men and women formed in a huge circle and started their dance, first on one foot and then with a little hitch to the other, singing "Hi, hi, hia, hi," on and on all through the night.

In the autumn the natives broke camp and went to fish. All day they came to our door for rations and fish nets and twine and tobacco. First one family and then another would paddle off with their dogs and supplies until the camp was deserted except for a few who were too old or too ill to go out with the rest. The tomtoms were still, and all was quiet and peaceful again.

Indian burial place, Mackenzie river.





Rambling Prospector

The midnight sun sets for two hours.

by E. R. Sheppard

THIS is not really a story, but rather a few observations on a prospecting trip into the barrens on the west coast of Hudson Bay. My partner (Bob King, mining engineer from Queen's University) and I (trained for agriculture but preferring mining) travelled to Churchill by way of Winnipeg and The Pas. We outfitted at the Hudson's Bay Company in Winnipeg where the prospector as well as the fur trader can obtain anything he needs in his line of work.

At The Pas the railway splits. One line runs to Churchill; the other to Flin Flon, the mining city. Twenty years ago Flin Flon was a couple of shacks. Today it is Manitoba's third largest city. Think what that means to farmer markets; would we had a few more developments like it. To miss the train for Churchill by a minute means missing it by a month. In winter it runs every three weeks, and even that is more than the traffic warrants. The trip takes three days; we slept on the seats and dined with Jack Messet. Jack is a character. He is the only news agent for the six hundred miles between The Pas and Churchill. He delivers notes, papers, and milk over the entire route, and knows the state of every trapper's and section man's family in the area. As a sideline he runs the commissariat for the train, hiring some woman passenger as a waitress, usually on a basis of free meals. He himself is cook. He had a son with the St. Boniface Seals and at that time was very interested in the fact that they were in the Dominion Junior Hockey Championship play-offs. He helped the team by always betting against them. He thought he would put a jinx on the Seals if he bet for them since he never won.

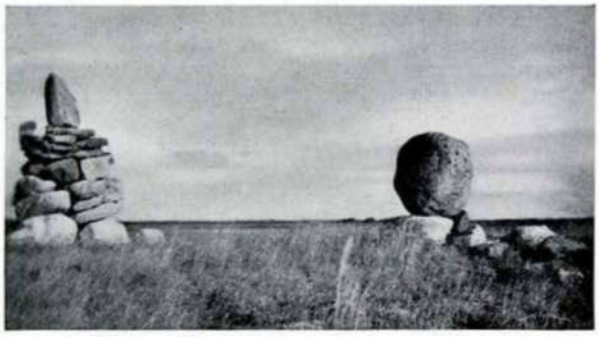
It was eighteen degrees below zero the day we arrived in Churchill, 20th April. First we had to get dog teams, and then pack our outfits for a start. About six hundred pounds of supplies and equipment would be necessary on each komatik. It was here that a college education came in handy. First we found the amount a dog would pull over a three-hundred-mile course. From that, plus an estimate of our loads, we calculated the number of dogs needed. Then we calculated the time the trip would take and the amount of meat for the dogs; four or five pounds per dog per day. Thus we arrived at the number of dogs we would need to haul dog feed for the dogs hauling our supplies, and were immediately faced with the problem of calculating the number of dogs necessary to haul dog feed for the dogs hauling dog feed for the dogs hauling supplies. As this was a diminishing load, it involved some nice mathematics, especially as we had to avoid fractions. Even though it is the hind quarters of a dog that do most of the work, they won't work very well without the front quarters.

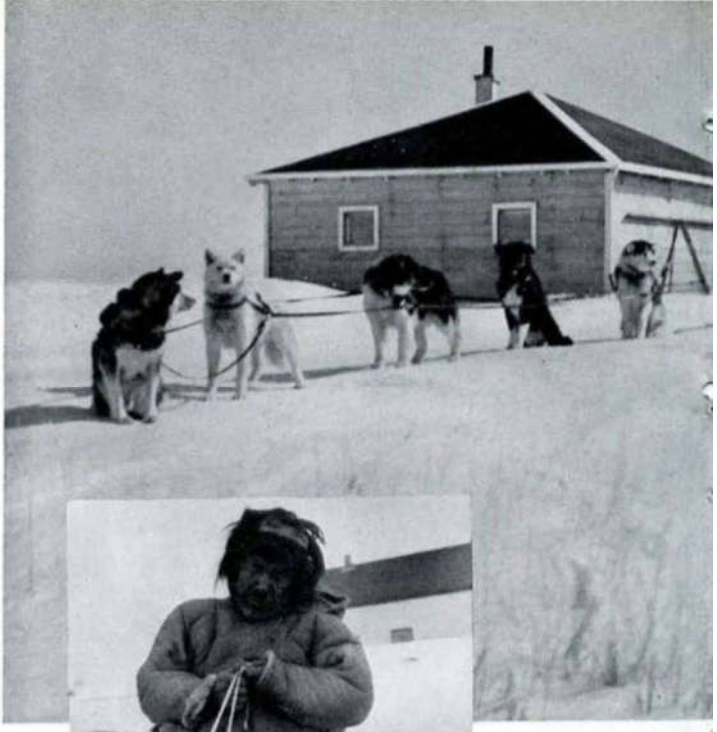
How was the problem of arithmetical diminution solved? Well, another variable came into the picture, the weather. Some of the boys on this trip had to camp for three days in a blizzard when their objective was only two hours' travel away. So we abandoned mathematics, took enough dog feed to get us half-way if the weather was perfect, bought a good rifle and plenty of ammunition, and started off.

We travelled in pairs. Each of us had a dog driver who knew the coast. Mine was Karl Johnson, and he had a good team of nine dogs. We made up our minds to hit the trail as hard as we could when the weather was fine. I figure I ran a hundred and fifty of the three hundred miles helping the dogs, but I had to get toughened anyway. Four dog teams went up the coast and ours was the only one that missed the blizzard between Hudson's Bay Company posts. The posts are about a hundred miles apart.

Karl and I camped in the snow one night. We were out of dog feed and he knew there was a trapper, George Lush, at Big River, who had both a cabin and dog feed. The west coast of Hudson Bay is very flat in this area, with no outstanding landmarks to act as guides. The Eskimos use what they call *eenevksook* or stone men; piles of rocks for guides. We found some of these about seven o'clock at night, and Karl was sure we were only five or six miles from Lush's cabin. After three hours of looking for the cabin when it was so dark we would walk a quarter of a mile to investigate a boulder which we thought might be the trapper's place, we gave up in disgust and camped in the snow. We were all tuckered out anyway. Next morning

Eskimo stone men guide the traveller.



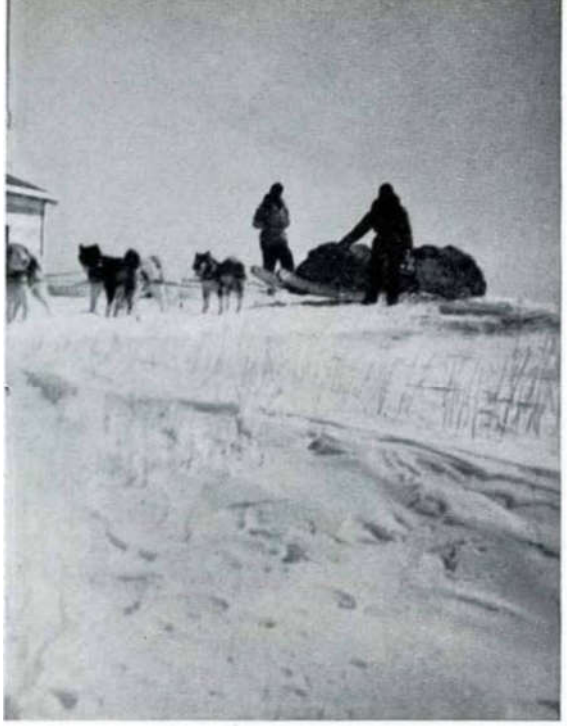


He bought a bicycle.

there was the cabin, distinguishable by its radio pole, a little more than a mile away. It was heavily banked with snow blocks for warmth.

Reaching Eskimo Point next day, we just escaped a three-day blizzard. A "husky," as they call the Eskimo up there, came in at the same time with his collection of white fox pelts. The Bay paid him on the spot, and we had the fun of watching him blow his money on a four-day shopping spree. The Eskimo men do all the buying, even to the women's clothes. This husky was very much like his white brother in the city when he makes some money. The white puts his into a car and a house. The brown wound up his cash by acquiring a house and a bicycle. The bicycle was puzzling. The post manager couldn't make out what his customer wanted. Finally he resurrected an old catalogue and turned the pages until a dirty finger descended on one; and there was the bicycle. Several huskies have cabins at Eskimo Point but none of them had the prestige of owning a bicycle.

The Eskimos are a most interesting people. They reverse some of our ideas, but keep them on a common sense basis. The man with the big debt is the important man. Hell, to them, is a place up in the sky. Anyone who gets caught out there in a blizzard in winter will know why. Heaven is down in the earth. Eskimos are far more socialistic than we are. A good hunter naturally shares with a poor hunter. That is just ordinary procedure and he does not want his name at the head of the charity column of the Moccasin



Karl Johnson's team, trapper hitch.

Telegraph for doing it. Result—the Eskimos are a happy people while we in the land of plenty have our relief rolls.

The Eskimo is an honest man. A registered letter enclosing seventy-five dollars cash was sent to me by the supply schooner. The schooner left it at Eskimo Point instead of bringing it a hundred miles farther north where I was. The post manager found it after a day or two and gave it to an Eskimo who was going up the coast in a small boat. In the course of a week the Eskimo arrived at Tavane and gave the letter to the post manager there. We had arranged to have our supplies left at an empty cabin on Tern Point, thirty miles northeast of Tavane. So, after another short delay the post manager gave the letter to another husky who was going that way, telling him to leave it at the cabin. I came along a week later, and found my letter in the deserted cabin, as safe as if it had been in a bank.

We reached Tavane on 10th May, and found one family of huskies still living in a snow igloo. Prospecting is mostly perspiration and mosquito bites. We got back safely last fall and only had a couple of narrow squeaks with the waves of Hudson Bay.

The Voisey sisters at Repulse Bay wear the handsome artiggi of the Ivelik tribe.

Waterways

by Gordon Briggs

WATERWAYS, summer headquarters of the Mackenzie River Transport, is a curious little town. A line of buildings and houses stretches along a street parallel to the railway track; along the waterfront are a few better looking buildings. These last are the first noticed by visitors, and the signs above them indicate their use. By far the largest is the Hudson's Bay Company's Mackenzie River Transport office and warehouse only a few steps from the station. Here oldtimers are greeted and newcomers taken in hand and guided around.

Measuring three hundred by forty feet, the Company's warehouse in spring is packed to the rafters with freight for the north. When boats arrive from the north with their empty barges, the warehouse "bull gang" punch the clock and work steadily in shifts until the barges are loaded and the boat slowly heads down river. Waterways is on the Clearwater river about five miles from the Athabaska. In the narrow channel known as the Snye, the water is sometimes too low to float fully loaded barges. Then it is necessary to transfer all freight by a small boat and small yarding barges to Leaman's Landing on the Athabaska river where it is reloaded on the larger barges for the north.

The "bull gang" are a happy, cursing, hard-working lot of men. Many nights they see the moon go down and the sun come up while they load. The freight is taken on two-wheeled trucks from the warehouse down the conveyor to the waiting barges. Most of the gang come to Waterways for the summer only, going out to a kinder climate for the winter.

Crowds always gather to watch the steamboats come in. When the S.S. *Athabasca River* arrived from the shipyard for the first time this season, dark, wide-eyed Indian boys and girls were the first to spot her puffs of white smoke above the leafless trees. It was early in May; the air was chill and mist rose from the river. The children all shouted "Steamboat! Steamboat!" It was like Mark Twain come to life to watch these dark-skinned natives dancing about and shrieking guesses as to whether the boat was the *Northland Echo* or the *Athabasca River*.

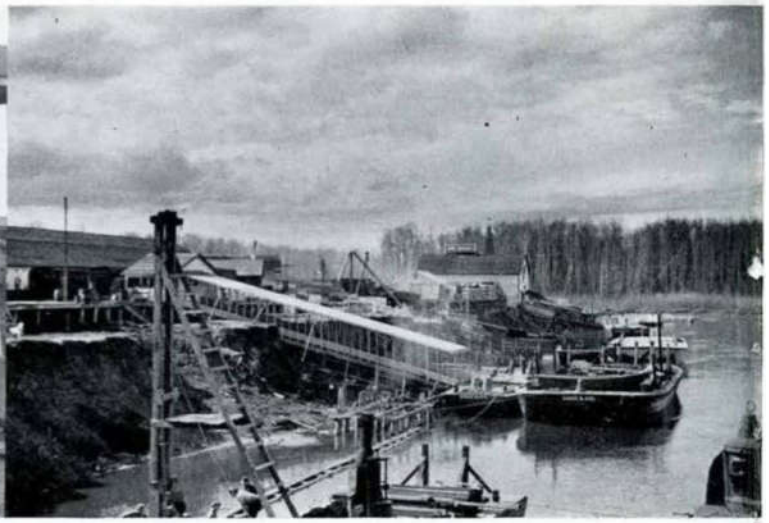
The crowd swelled quickly and as the white hull of the *Athabasca River* nosed slowly round the bend the Company's flag was struck at the masthead in front of the warehouse, signifying a boat in port. Captain Brown tugged proudly at his whistle and the watchers cheered. The huge paddle wheel splashed lazily as the captain brought his ship alongside the conveyor. Before the gangplank was lowered people jumped on board. Newcomers are always anxious to see the comfortable salons and cabins; oldtimers like to visit the crew. The lounge was warm and attractive, a welcome escape from the chilly night.

The captain and crew had little rest. They were taken down to the shipyard and two days later brought the *Northland Echo* to Waterways. The *Echo* has been tied along the waterfront ever since. Northbound Company men and some of the Transport staff live on board. Captains Naylor, Elyea, and Breshaw stayed until they went north to their own boats. Younger men going north as stewards, assistant pursers, and even deck hands stayed there until they could go on.

Many stories were swapped. The best happened one night when Captain Naylor of the *Distributor* was sitting smoking in the lounge. An excited young man sat down and Captain Naylor inquired where he was going.

"Bull gang" on the conveyor.

The busy waterfront—pile driver, conveyor and barges.



"I'm going on the *Distributor*," was the reply. "Do you go down north?"

The *Distributor* captain kept a straight face and inquired about his training for a steward.

"Well, I worked in a packing plant last summer and I spent the winter in a coal mine."

Captain Alexander of the *Beaver Lake* took the first load north. He also made a record voyage for the load he carried to Fitzgerald and back. When he arrived at Fitzgerald he received a blue ribbon in true marine style. The *Beaver Lake* is a small but powerful little boat.

One week early this season nature played a big role in the transport business. A strong east wind blew the last of the ice in Lake Athabaska to the west end. The boats have to cross that end going from Athabaska to the Slave river. Captain Alexander in the *Beaver Lake*, northbound, managed to ease his load around the edge of the floe, but the *Pelly Lake* and the *Athabasca River* were held firmly. The *Beaver Lake* went on to Fitzgerald and returned to find the others still stuck not far from Chipewyan. Finally the wind changed, the boats were freed, and all headed full speed for Waterways where tension had been high.

The *Pelly Lake* was first in at noon Friday and sailed again at dawn on Saturday. By that time both the *Beaver Lake* and the steamboat had arrived; loading had begun, and it did not stop until the *Athabasca* pulled out early Sunday morning.

Many changes are being made along the waterfront at Waterways. In the last few years the river made heavy encroachments on the bank. The warehouse was moved once, and if the river consumed only a little more bank the railway siding and platform would have to be moved again. A long line of steel piles has been driven in and the space behind filled with dirt. A roadway was cut and a dock built behind the steel piling. The new dock will facilitate loading from trucks and permits loading more than one barge at a time. The waterfront was made tidy and the letters H B C — M R T etched in white stones on the sloping bank. The office was also remodelled and freshly painted.

The oldest of the oldtimers—John Sutherland, Bob and Granny McDermott—are pleasantly amazed at the changes. The arrival of the Company's new aeroplane CF-BMI was a wonderful day for them. They were in this country when the end of steel was Winnipeg. Their first journeys in and out were by the gruelling Methy portage. Later they travelled from Athabasca Landing to Edmonton in covered waggons. The mud was so deep that in places the horses could hardly move and the wheels went down to the axles. Then came the railway. The fact that the train rocked the bridges and buried the track in muskeg as it passed did not lessen the joy of riding "comfortably" outside.

Bob and Granny McDermott live in a small and charmingly simple house in McMurray. Bob comes to the post every day. He acts as an interpreter and general man of goodwill. Granny, as she is called in the north, is never idle. When I visited her she was making a moose-skin coat. Her sewing and beadwork are the pride and joy of anyone fortunate enough to own a piece. Almost every northerner calls at their house on coming to Waterways or McMurray.

For the first time in many years there was an open season for trapping beaver in the country around the Athabaska river. While I was in the post at McMurray an Indian came with a bundle of beautiful beaver pelts. It was a sight that might have been played on the shore of James bay in 1668. The Indian traded his furs and then entered the store to buy flour and food, shoes and socks and a dress.

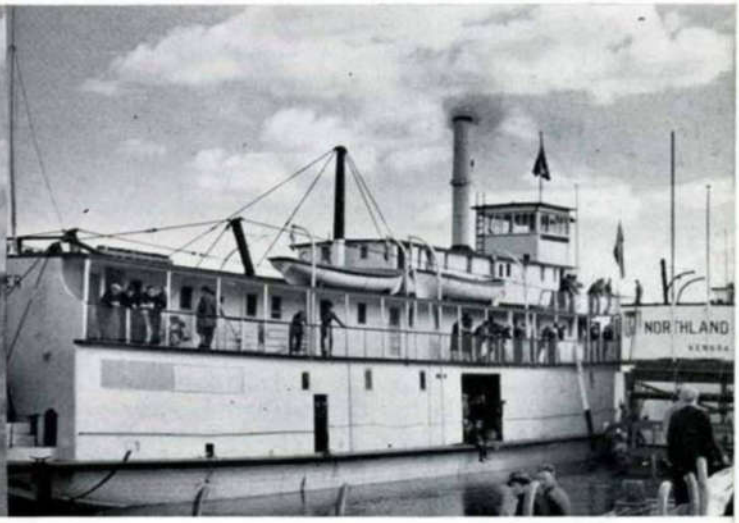
He did not buy a Hudson's Bay *Point* Blanket, and I asked him why. He said he already had two. "Red ones with four points."

David Hutchison, M.R.T. manager, and John Sutherland, veteran engineer.

S.S. Athabasca River backing out of the Clearwater river.

S.S. Athabasca River hooking on Barge 301.

Athabasca River and *Northland Echo*.



Fort Chimo on the Koksoak river at the bottom of Ungava bay. Chimo is the Eskimo word of greeting. It means good cheer. The post site was selected by William Hendry, first Company man to explore the Koksoak in 1828. Nicol Finlayson and Erland Erlandson went from Moose Factory in 1830 to build the post. John McLean was manager from 1837 to 1842.

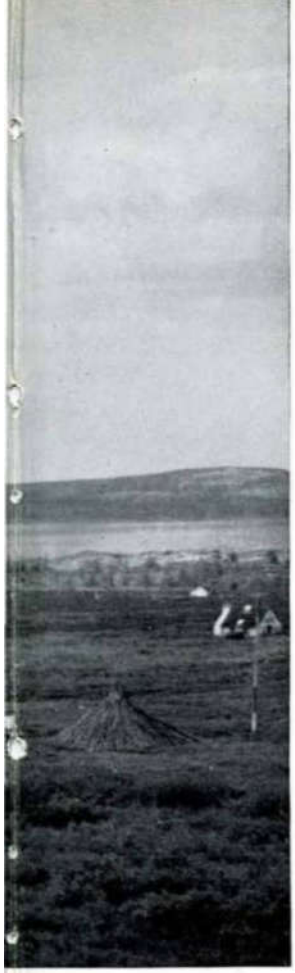
Chimo Days

The Watts went north on the Nascopie *in 1915, a journey described by Mrs. Watt in* The Beaver *of March, 1938. The thread is now picked up in this story of their first year at Chimo.*

PEOPLE may wonder how we in the north spend our time without the usual civilized amusements and places to go. I soon learned at Chimo that there was plenty to do and life was full of interest. The very seasons of the year took on new meaning. We were always looking forward; in the fall to the winter, in the winter to the spring, and after that the summer. Life was a great panorama, a moving picture that never palled.

First there was our new house, a snug, comfortable place, but not nearly as nice and convenient as it could be made. We had an Eskimo maid named Maggie, whose methods took all the dullness out of the first days. When Maggie swept a room she began by placing chairs on top of the table and all other movables outside. When she had finished sweeping they were left there; it did not occur to her to put them back where they belonged. It took time to solve the mystery of the strange patterns that appeared on my trousseau table linen. Along the folds was a regular series of puzzling marks. We could not even guess at their origin until one day I saw Maggie in the act of folding the cloths as she ironed. The table cloths were slightly starched and did not fold easily and Maggie was biting an even row along the edges, leaving the marks of her splendid strong teeth.

Maggie's mother, Snowball, was a character. She had been a real widow once, and a grass widow several times. Until not long before we went to Chimo, the Company brought out Orkneymen as sloopers, carpenters, and coopers. Sloopers were skippers of the local sailing craft operated by Eskimo crews. Snowball's husbands had all been sloopers. The earlier ones had returned to Orkney and the last one had died at Chimo. The children took his name, Millar, but the old lady kept her own identity as Snowball, or, in Eskimo, *Aputieatsuk*. She was a clean capable old woman, and with the assistance of her younger daughter Charlotte scrubbed the store and office weekly. Charlotte disliked scrubbing and would fall into a daydream, but mother Snowball brought her back to reality swiftly by rapping her on the head with the scrubbing brush. In winter Mrs. Snowball, aided by Charlotte, hauled her firewood with a dog team. She dressed Eskimo fashion for this, with sealskin breeches and sealskin



by Maud Watt

Okpick the Owl, water carrier, with his family. He laughed at life.

cossack with the usual long tail. On top of it all, to show she was a person of consequence, she pulled over her head a white cotton chemise. Charlotte had a similar costume except that she wore red cloth breeches.

A big chore in winter was water carrying. It was hauled from Blueberry creek more than a mile away by a special dog team known as the water team. The name of the driver was *Okpick*, the Owl. Okpick had asthma, and in addition he laughed a great deal. He was always laughing and coughing at the same time. I never knew what he found to laugh at but it was infectious and I would laugh too.

Two fine men at Chimo were the Edmonds brothers, Job and David, both from Labrador. They were born near Davis Inlet but had lived at Chimo many years. Job was head fisherman and had charge of an outpost at Whale river. David was a carpenter. They were men of strong character and would have been remarkable wherever they chose to live. They reminded me of what Stewart Edward White put into the mouth of one of his characters in "The Call of the North." He might have been writing about Job and David.

> "I have known the Company and its servants for a long time, and if I had leisure I could instance a hundred examples of devotion and sacrifice beside which mere patriotism would seem a small thing. Men who had no country cleaved to her desolate posts, her lakes, rivers and forests; men who had no God bowed in awe before her power and grandeur. The company was a living thing. No country, no leader, no state ever received half the worship her sons gave her."

Revillon Frères, known locally as "the French company," had established posts in this area some years previously. Sometimes they offered strong inducement to Hudson's Bay men to join them, but usually without success. Job particularly could have named his price, but nothing would tempt him. To leave his own Company was unthinkable and he regarded any Hudson's Bay man who went over to the rival as one to be pitied, a person who had descended to the level of Judas Iscariot or possibly lower. Once on All Fools' day Mrs. Job Edmonds came rushing into our house laughing heartily.

"What's all this?" asked my husband.

"Oh," spluttered Mrs. Edmonds,"such a funny thing happened. Mr. Romanet (Revillon manager) was up a ladder and he fell down and broke his leg." She went off into gales of laughter.

"Well," said my husband, "that is nothing to laugh about," and rushed out of the post to see how he could help, only to find that he had been made an April fool.

After this success, Mrs. Edmonds thought she would try it on her own husband. "Too bad he didn't break his neck," growled Job, and it was my turn to laugh.

Both the Edmonds wives were good company and full of tales about their earlier days in Labrador. Mrs. Job's father was Lane, of Lane's Bay, Labrador, a prosperous old man who owned a remarkably fine team of dogs. These dogs were notoriously savage but he could handle them and he liked them. Once when he

From left to right: Eticootchook the Lynx, the cook; Sebastien, Mr. Fraser, Mrs. Job Edmonds, Charlotte, Mr. Watt (behind Charlotte), Captain Mead, Nechievelluk.

Partridge the pilot at extreme left. He lost his family on an ice floe. Charlotte Millar at right.

was going home from the Moravian Mission at Hopedale he was caught in a blizzard on one of the huge bays. He made a hole in the snow, placed his komatik on top, and crept into the hole along with his dogs as he had often done before. After several days his wife grew anxious and a neighbour went to Hopedale for news of the old man. On the way they found the komatik and dogs but no Mr. Lane; only bones and fragments of clothing. It was thought that perhaps he had died of exhaustion or heart trouble, but the dogs were shot.

Already in my time at Chimo the big skin boat known as an umiak was a thing of the past. The umiak was a big cumbersome craft thirty or forty feet long, built on a light framework of wood covered with sealskins sewn as only Eskimo women can sew. When the Eskimos moved camp several families of women and children with all their worldly goods were moved in this strange craft, the women paddling and an old man steering. The men accompanied the umiak in their kayaks. Mr. Stewart, the missionary, had a good story about an umiak hitting a rock while sailing up the river. The hole was large enough to sink the boat but a stout Eskimo woman with great presence of mind sat on the hole, stopped the leak, and the umiak was guided safely to shore.

Partridge the pilot lost all his family on an ice floe. While the umiak was in common use it was the custom for a number of families to draw the big skin boat up on an ice floe and camp there, drifting with the floe. The men would take their kayaks and hunt in the open leads in the ice. Partridge was away hunting seals one day when a terrific storm blew up. To avoid having his frail craft crushed in the ice, he took refuge on a floe, but when the storm was over and he went to where he had left his family on another floe, he could not find them, and he never saw them again.

Partridge was a very tall old Eskimo with a white beard. There is a big island in Ungava Bay named Akpatok where the white bears live in dens in the winter. Partridge was the only Eskimo with sufficient courage to enter these dens for the white bearskins. He said it was not dangerous for the bears were sleepy, but nobody else cared to try it.

Nowadays natives depend largely on store supplies, but in my time they lived off the country: caribou, seals, partridge, fish. There are winters when all wild life seems to disappear, and our first winter was like that. Several starving families came into the post safely, but one old couple were not so fortunate. Their dogs were starved and they were too feeble to make good progress towards the post. The old woman was the stronger and her husband sent her ahead to get assistance. She arrived safely after dark and my husband at once sent out dog teams to look for the old man. It was snowing heavily and they did not find him until the following day, when some of the children discovered him frozen in the river bank below the post. He had perished within sight of assistance. To the Eskimo this is *Iilnemut;* something that cannot be helped; fate.

Once my husband was travelling in Labrador with one of the Grenfell Mission doctors. A blizzard caught them when they were crossing the last big bay on their way to Hopedale. An old Eskimo guide said they must turn back, and my husband took his advice, spending two comfortable days with an Eskimo family. The doctor and his guide went on and after struggling for several hours they had to give it up, make a hole in the snow and remain miserably in it for two long days. On the morning of the third day they were startled by church bells. Emerging they found themselves close to the mission buildings at Hopedale.

The interpreter at Chimo was Tommy Gordon. His father was an Orkneyman, his mother an Eskimo, and Tommy was a white man in every sense, a neat little person with a Scottish accent and sense of humour. As a boy he had lived in Orkney, and he was fluent in English, Eskimo and Indian. At Chimo we had both Indians and Eskimo: Eskimo on the coast and Nascopie Indians inland. Tommy was also interpreter for the missionary, Mr. Stewart, who learned Eskimo but never picked up much Indian. The words "Father, Son and Holy Ghost" occurring frequently in the service of the Church of England offered difficulties to the Nascopies. They had no word for "Holy Ghost." Tommy used the Indian *tshi mistagosche*, which literally means "old white man."

The social leader and fashion plate of Chimo was Tommy's wife, known locally as Mis Thomasie Cotton. She was a big jolly Eskimo woman, and always first to display on her ample person the latest tartans and prints. She was a church leader and at the same time a leader in all the dances and fun. Like her husband she was generous and kind, and her fancy dresses would soon be seen on some of her less fortunate sisters.

Thomas Gordon the interpreter. Mrs. Gordon wearing a man's cap. Mrs. Watt at right.

Nascopie Indians, a lovable people.

The favourite Eskimo food was raw frozen seal, deer, partridge or fish. I never tried it, but my husband said it tasted like fish-flavoured ice cream and was good enough so long as you swallowed before it thawed. While Eskimo women do not have much cooking to do, their sewing is endless. They dress all the skins and make all the clothing, including boots. They do the finest sewing in the world but their teeth wear down with the constant chewing of seams to make them soft.

Mr. Stewart was an Irishman who had served in Newfoundland for many years. He always brought a new story when he came for Sunday dinner with us, and he never repeated himself. One of his best belonged to the period when he had acted as chaplain to the Bishop of Newfoundland. The Bishop was making a round of some of the smaller settlements. At one of the houses where he stayed, the lady of the house was particularly attentive and made a tremendous bustling in her effort to see that everything was correct for the guests. Before the Bishop sat down at the table she carefully dusted the chair and said: "Now, my Lord, put your holy bottom down there."

The parsonage was originally a one-room house but it had been enlarged in several directions. Inside, the living room was panelled with print but no two panels were alike. Mr. Stewart had bought yards of print several times to have it all in one pattern, and always some native visitor would admire it. He would then give away enough for a blouse or a dress, and he never managed to keep enough material to have his panels match.

Mr. Stewart travelled a lot in winter, living in tents and snowhouses with the Eskimos. The only time we ever saw him depressed was on his return from furlough the year of the influenza epidemic on the Labrador coast. In one settlement only eight natives survived. He neither caught the disease nor brought it along with him, though he burned all his clothes and belongings as soon as he reached Chimo.

Three miles from the post was White Fish lake where I used to go fishing with a fat Eskimo girl named *Eticootchook* (the lynx). She was a nice girl and we both enjoyed these outings. We would first boil the tea kettle. Then we cut a hole in the ice and sat on a seat of boughs and jigged with a hook baited with salt pork. Soon we would have a speckled trout.

Chimo post is built on a small plateau, and behind it are rocky hills worn smooth by the ice of many thousand years ago and now covered with white moss. On the high rocks behind the post was the old Eskimo burial ground. The dead are not buried, but covered with stones, guns, pipes and other curious things. Not so long ago aged Eskimos were buried alive. Eskimos have to follow the hunt and when some of their people grew old or sick it was difficult to take them along. To remain in one spot meant starvation. So the old people would stoically ask to be buried. They were wrapped in skins and rocks made a cairn over them. The relatives did not leave so long as the "corpse" was alive but visited the grave daily and spoke to him. When there was no answer they assumed that he had died, and they then moved to another hunting ground. All this had its heroic side for the old people chose to die rather than be a burden.

Winter at Chimo was filled with the sound of grinding ice. Ungava bay and the tidal part of the Koksoak river are a close second to the Bay of Fundy for highest tides. We had a forty-foot rise and fall and very little wind made the river dangerous. In winter the flood and ebb kept the river from freezing until February. The ice rushed in and out, roaring and grinding so that sometimes sleep at night was impossible. When the river finally froze it was so rough as to be almost impassable. Usually a path had to be cut across the tumbled ice. Towards spring drifted snow filled the crevasses and travel was smoother. Once Mr. Stewart fell into a crevasse in the river ice at low tide, so deep he could not climb out. The tide began to rise and he was in danger of being drowned and crushed until his shouts were heard and he was rescued just in time.

Apart from the noise of the ice there was the din of the dogs. We had twenty-four, two teams of ten each and the water team of four dogs. George Dickers, the cooper, had charge of them. Every time the post bell rang, as it did several times a day, all the dogs down to the youngest pup opened their mouths and howled. For travel they had to be hitched far apart because of the hilly country. The lead dog was nine or twelve feet ahead of the others which were spaced six feet apart. Each dog had a single trace of sealskin line with a loop at the end connected to a bridle on the sleigh. Komatiks and dog traces have to be kept out of dog reach at night for Eskimo dogs will eat anything.

Stories from Mr. Stewart about the former factors at Chimo always interested us. One dour Scot ate nothing but boiled deer meat and oat cakes. Each

morning at breakfast he unfolded his morning paper—a year old.

The most popular factor had been Peter McKenzie, a great sportsman and hunter. One year the annual ship, then a sailing vessel, failed to arrive. The post would have to depend on its own resources for another year. They were short of gunpowder and Mr. McKenzie sent to Davis Inlet for some but the Indian returned from his thousand-mile trip with only a few pounds. Mr. McKenzie had an old corral on the east side of the river repaired, and persuaded the Indians to drive the caribou into it. He speared them and there was enough meat to carry the natives through the winter.

Spring arrived in April—the goose month or *Niskapeejum* in Indian. Geese were a welcome change from deer and partridge. Later in the summer I would get a few goose eggs. Once I told an Indian named Nantawapeau I would give him all he could eat if he would bring me a few goose eggs. It turned out to be almost more than I bargained for. He finished a large pot of baked beans, all the bread in the house and some sea biscuit. These Indians lived almost entirely off the land. When they got store supplies they would stop a short distance from the post and consume them all.

The Nascopie men wore no trousers but they had long scarlet cloth leggings. The upper garment was a deerskin cossack pulled over the head. The outside was usually painted in bright designs, and the hair was inside. When they bought shirts, the shirts were worn outside the cossack. The few who wore trousers never tucked in their shirt tails.

The Nascopie Indians were a lovable people. One does not see the best side of an Indian around a post where he lounges and gives an impression of indolence.

Partony, of the Nascopie tribe.

Out in the rugged, rocky and largely barren Ungava region, the Nascopies seem to harmonize completely with the landscape. Entering their encampments, we were welcomed with old world dignity. The women and children clustered at a respectable distance and the patriarch of the tribe would come forward alone to greet his guests. There was nothing of the servile mien of a "line" Indian about him. He is a monarch in his own country, and calls no man master.

We spent many happy days travelling and living with the Nascopie Indians, and can never forget their kindness; the fragrant beds of boughs they made for our comfort, and the choicest bits of game and fish. They expected no payment for they knew the traveller carried only sufficient for his own requirements. From the small children up, the Nascopies are proficient with the bow and arrow, reserving ammunition for large game only. They also use the primitive stone pipe, suspended when not in use in a bag with tobacco, steel, flint and tinder. In summer they live largely on fish. Boiled fish is their meat, dried fish their bread, and they drink the liquid the fish is boiled in, though they prefer tea. They are not great fur hunters for their wants are simple and the country supplies them. Their summer is ideal, camping in small communities by some good fishing stream, laughing, talking, smoking, and listening to the call of the loon. Winter is hard and the caribou elusive, and when even ptarmigan fails there is only fish. Fishing becomes hard, hard work in winter when it means cutting through many feet of ice in bitterly cold weather.

Spring at Chimo was a grand and terrifying time. Because of the high tides the river breaks up early with a tremendous roar. The ice jams in places, piles up, falls down again with a resounding crash, but one day it is clear and the annual crisis is over. One year the post was flooded and the people had to take refuge on the high banks behind. The post schooner was driven so far back on the bank that it took a month to get her back in the water. Nearly all the smaller craft were crushed.

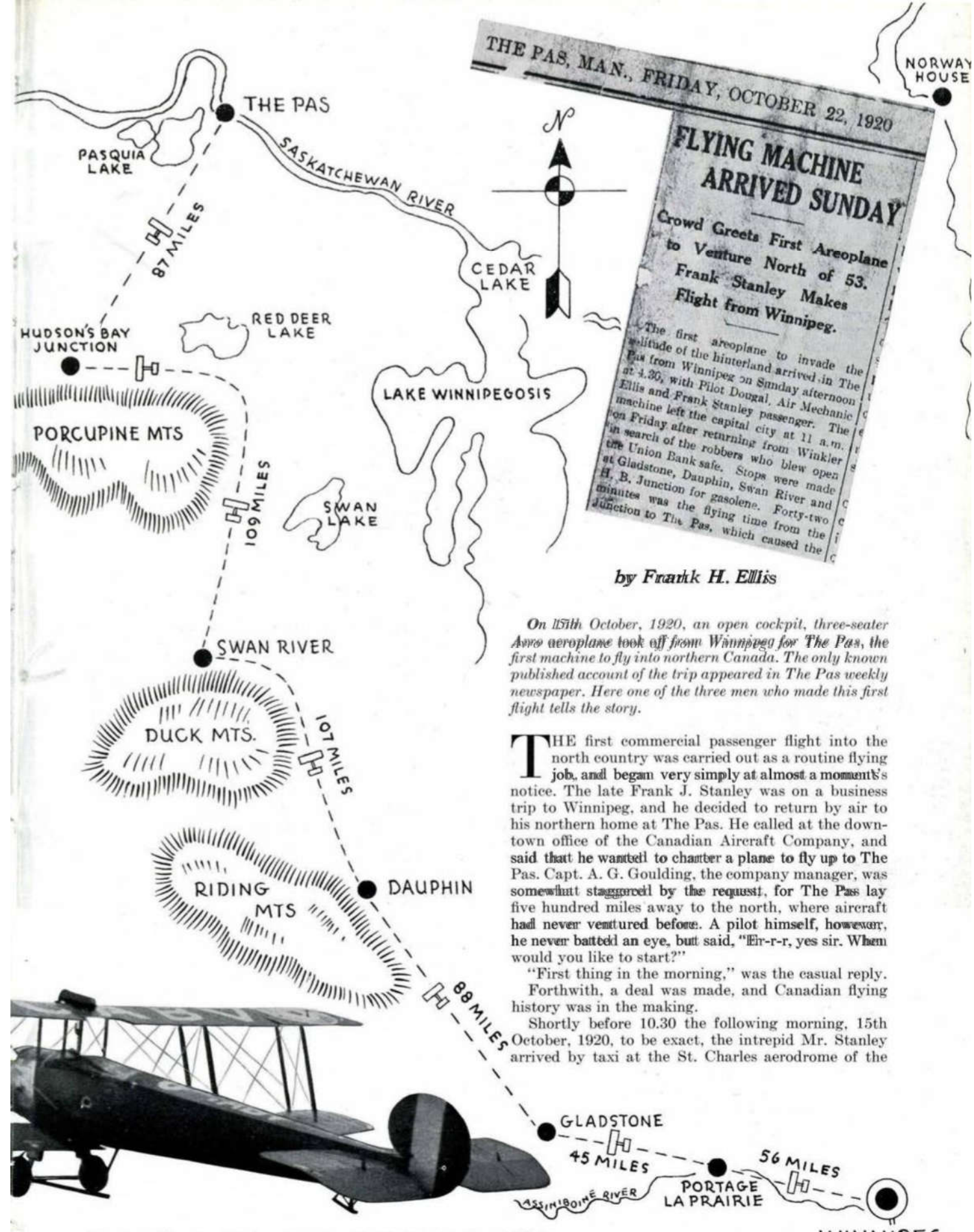
Chimo looks like a ship-yard in spring when all the boats are repaired and caulked. Work begins about three o'clock in the morning when it is light. In the long, long evening the Eskimos play handball, men, women and children laughing, yelling and tumbling over each other. It is a heart-warming sight to watch Eskimos at play. Fat women in their sealskin breeches and long-tailed coats scramble for the ball, and even the babies in the pockets in the coat hoods seem to enjoy watching the game.

Life in the north can be really enjoyable provided one is interested in the people and the country. All native races are interesting, and there is so much to be done in doctoring, nursing, cooking, making designs for silk work, and entertaining the numerous post visitors. Cooking alone gets to be an art. The materials are always the same—deer, seal, salmon and little else—but cooks in civilized places have been known to long for a new animal too. With a little ingenuity one can have many changes in the same old fare. Curried seal meat is extremely tasty, and no other salmon tastes as good as that caught out of the cold northern waters. Our first year at Chimo passed quickly, and one day the ship arrived quite late and unexpectedly. It was good to see the friends of the previous year, and all who could came ashore for a dance. When the *Nascopie* hoisted anchor, dipped her flag, and blew blast after blast in farewell, we were too tired to feel sorry.

Susie Edmonds.

First aerial picture approaching The Pas.

Frank H. Ellis (extreme left) who wrote and illustrated this piece of flying history. Also at left Hector Dougal, pilot. At lower right, the late Frank J. Stanley, of The Pas, who chartered the plane.



THE PAS, MAN., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1920

FLYING MACHINE ARRIVED SUNDAY

Crowd Greets First Areoplane to Venture North of 53.

Frank Stanley Makes Flight from Winnipeg.

The first areoplane to invade the solitude of the hinterland arrived in The Pas from Winnipeg on Sunday afternoon at 4.30, with Pilot Dougal, Air Mechanic Ellis and Frank Stanley passenger. The machine left the capital city at 11 a.m. on Friday after returning from Winkler in search of the robbers who blew open the Union Bank safe. Stops were made at Gladstone, Dauphin, Swan River and H. B. Junction for gasolene. Forty-two minutes was the flying time from the Junction to The Pas, which caused the

by Frank H. Ellis

On 15th October, 1920, an open cockpit, three-seater Avro aeroplane took off from Winnipeg for The Pas, the first machine to fly into northern Canada. The only known published account of the trip appeared in The Pas weekly newspaper. Here one of the three men who made this first flight tells the story.

THE first commercial passenger flight into the north country was carried out as a routine flying job, and began very simply at almost a moment's notice. The late Frank J. Stanley was on a business trip to Winnipeg, and he decided to return by air to his northern home at The Pas. He called at the down-town office of the Canadian Aircraft Company, and said that he wanted to charter a plane to fly up to The Pas. Capt. A. G. Goulding, the company manager, was somewhat staggered by the request, for The Pas lay five hundred miles away to the north, where aircraft had never ventured before. A pilot himself, however, he never batted an eye, but said, "Er-r-r, yes sir. When would you like to start?"

"First thing in the morning," was the casual reply.

Forthwith, a deal was made, and Canadian flying history was in the making.

Shortly before 10.30 the following morning, 15th October, 1920, to be exact, the intrepid Mr. Stanley arrived by taxi at the St. Charles aerodrome of the

The first Thunder Bird at The Pas. G-CABV with Royal Air Force insignia on wings and rudder from an earlier career in the war.

company, out along Portage Avenue west, and he was immediately escorted to the machine which was to carry him on his journey.

Compared with today's machines, that open cockpit, three-seater Avro, would appear very forlorn indeed, but that morning it was a different story. With its 110 h.p. Le Rhone rotary engine the machine had an air speed of around ninety miles per hour. She was in good shape though looking a little the worse for wear after flying over Manitoba that summer giving stunt exhibitions, and carrying passengers at almost every town of any size in the province. She had been built in England as a training plane for war pilots, but after the war the British Government sold many machines, and with six others, this one had been purchased by the Canadian Aircraft Company and brought to Canada.

Pilot Hector Dougal and I had studied the maps available, and more or less planned our route to The Pas, which was mainly to follow the railway as a guide where conveniently possible. Our course had to be a visible one, for we had none of the instruments which most modern pilots rely upon. The only equipment the machine was fitted with was a compass, an air speed indicator, and an altimeter, together with several instruments and gauges connected with the engine.

After making our passenger comfortable in the centre cockpit, we strapped him in, and then ourselves, and took off on that sunny Friday morning at exactly 11 a.m.

Those Avros were sturdy machines, with plenty of power to fly with three people aboard. As we steadily gained height, we headed westward on the first lap of the journey, intending to make the hundred and eighty-four miles to Dauphin in one hop. Half an hour out of Winnipeg, the city of Portage la Prairie slipped by under our port wing. Setting our course by the railroad three thousand feet below, we swung into a more northerly direction. Droning on, mile after mile, we had a marvellous view of the country. Almost from directly below us, stretching away to vanish over the northern horizon, the great spread of Lake Manitoba shimmered like an immense sheet of silver.

Over the small town of Gladstone, at a height of some seven thousand feet, the engine began to act up. The pop-bang, pop-bang of a misfiring spark plug came to our ears, so without further ado we stuck her nose down, and keeping our eyes on a likely looking field close to the town, we swung lazily back and forth, rapidly losing height, until at last we came in for a landing and settled down to a bumpy stop in a recently ploughed field, right next to the town's main street. The plug trouble was quickly mended, and with many of the townsfolk gathered about we climbed aboard, and were soon off to Dauphin some ninety miles away. Skirting the low mountains of the Riding Range, we spent a pleasant hour flying over some of the richest farming country in the Dominion. In all farming areas at that time of the year, much of the land had recently been under the plough, or was already summer fallowed, and so from necessity, and not from choice, we once again set our wheels down on a ploughed field at Dauphin, preferring to do this and be close to town, rather than land in available pasture land several miles away.

Like magic cars full of people arrived by the dozen, and we were soon driven into Dauphin to make arrangements for refueling both ourselves and the machine. We were there for two hours. Dauphin was the birthplace of one of Canada's greatest war pilots, the late Major Barker, V.C. That undoubtedly was the reason the residents of that thriving Manitoba town were so air-minded and gave us such a wonderful reception and send-off.

Then we once more stowed ourselves away, took a bumpy run, our wings lifted us into the air, and we were away. Swinging back over the town to wave goodbye, we circled into the north-west, with the town of Swan River our next destination. The weather was beginning to cloud up to the north, and it had become decidedly colder. Five thousand feet up, the change in temperature was not pleasant, but it was necessary to have considerable height to clear the northern end of the Duck Mountains. Visibility was still good, and we were treated to a magnificent view of another of Manitoba's large lakes, Winnipegosis, spreading away to the east, and under the canopy of dull clouds looking like a huge sheet of lead. This lap of the flight was made doubly interesting, for we met several formations of other fliers heading southward. Sturdy, indomitable, feathered fliers, great flocks of Canada geese, winging out of the northland.

We stopped at Swan River for the night. The dark overcast of clouds brought early darkness on that late fall day as we landed three-quarters of a mile out of the town in a stubble field. After making the plane snug for the night and staking it down, we set out to hike to the hotel where we arrived unheralded. Only a handful of the townsfolk knew an aeroplane had arrived, and that was not until the following day when they heard the roar of the motor as we left.

Some three hundred miles of flying now lay behind us. Saturday morning was cold and blustery, with heavy clouds and a low ceiling, so we delayed the take-off until 2.30 p.m., when the weather looked fit enough though far from good. We warmed up the motor, climbed aboard, taxied to the far windward end of the field, and swinging into the gusts, gave her the gun. We had intended heading straight across the lakes and muskegs in a direct air route from Swan River to The Pas, but the weather was against it so we continued with the railroad as our guiding angel, hoping to fly non-stop to our destination by way of the village of Hudson's Bay Junction. The wind and the weather became worse, and we ran into severe snow squalls. In one of these we bucked through for twenty minutes with visibility nil. The head wind was increasing in strength, and we had a rough time of it, but we managed to keep our nose over the railway tracks, sometimes a little too close for comfort.

After skirting the northern tip of the Porcupine Mountain range, we swung due west, and "crabbing" along to prevent being blown to the south, we at last sighted the Junction, an hour and thirty minutes after leaving Swan River, although only one hundred and nine air miles.

With our fuel half gone—our tanks only held some thirty gallons — safety cautioned that we make a landing at the Junction before continuing to The Pas. After circling the village several times, and getting well buffeted by the storm in the process, we found to our dismay that the place lacked even the semblance of a safe landing place. Not being a farming area, there were no large cultivated spots, or clearings of any size fit for our purpose. Bush, trees, and muskeg were everywhere, and there we were, hung up in the sky.

After a fruitless fifteen-minute search, we decided to "sit down" in a hay covered area of muskeg, which

we knew would be a soft spot, but there was no other choice. Coming into the wind, we eased down in as slow a glide as we dared. The vicious head wind we had been bucking now became a blessing as it helped to cut landing speed to a minimum. With thumping hearts, we settled down, down, until our wheels were skimming the dried swamp grass. What was underneath we could only guess. Dougal and I had our fingers crossed. We expected a crack-up. Mr. Stanley was not in the least perturbed, neither then nor at any other time on the entire journey. He just took things as they came, like a true man of the north. It was a close call, but we were lucky. It was at the end of the summer's dry season, and the mud of the muskeg was pretty solid. Even so, as the wheels took the ship's weight, they settled axle deep. The strain the machine took was terrific, for we almost made a dead stop landing. Fortunately, the Avro landing gear was built with a hefty ash skid protruding well out in front. That, and that alone, saved the day for us. Nothing else could have prevented the old girl going up on her snub nose, to end up stretched flat on her back. The pioneer pilot and designer, A. V. Roe, certainly knew his stuff when he designed that undercarriage.

It was 4 p.m. when we landed, and all fifty inhabitants of the village quickly arrived, and in a body offered us their assistance. They set to with a will to help extricate the machine, and to clear a runway through the bush to nearby rising ground, from which we hoped we would be able to take off the following day. Darkness settled, and we adjourned to the local "hotel," where an impromptu celebration was held to honour the first arrival of an aeroplane. I don't suppose another has landed there since.

Sunday dawned fine and clear, with a strong southwest wind. We rose early, anxious to be on our way, as conditions were perfect, but it was not until afternoon that a sufficiently long runway was cleared for the take-off. I really should say insufficiently long, for it was no more than a hundred yards at the most.

During the morning we had received quite a shock. Enquiring for additional gasoline, we were told there was no such supply at Hudson's Bay Junction. Excepting for the railroad, the place was entirely cut off from the outside world, and with neither motor roads nor automobiles, there was no demand for gas. Fortunately for us, in the early days of Canadian progress, the Canadian Pacific Railway brought some Chinese to help build the railroad. At the Junction, one of those old-timers had made his home, and there held sway as owner of the only cafe and laundry in the village. This does not seem to have much bearing on the making of Canadian flying history, but it was entirely due to the generosity of that fine old fellow that we got additional gas to replenish our half-empty tank. He sold us his whole supply of eight gallons, of good, high test stuff, which he had had shipped in for lamps, and it helped to carry us to our goal.

By 3.30 p.m. we were prepared to leave—if we could. Saying farewell to the kindest and most willing people one could wish to meet, we took our seats in the machine, and with tightly buckled safety belts, gave the engine the "gun" and roared down the "runway." We started right out of the edge of the bush at the down wind end of that midget airport, and it was touch and go. Dougal's expert handling of the controls did the trick all right, but it was a close shave, the leading edges of our lower wings swished through the tree tops as we zoomed up in a hurry at the last split second.

Circling low over the heads of our recent hosts, we returned their hand waves, and heading into the northeast, we were off for The Pas, the strong tail wind crowding us along at a fast clip. The country below had taken on the appearance of an immense, jumbled, jigsaw puzzle composed of land, lakes, and swamps in every conceivable shape and size. Equipped with wheel landing gear as we were, a forced landing in that area would have spelled disaster, but the eighty-seven miles between the Junction and The Pas passed below us in forty minutes, and without incident.

After circling The Pas a number of times, we made a landing in a field south of The Pas Lumber Company's yard, a few blocks east of the town. The field was well besprinkled with small tree stumps, and languid cattle. The stumps were unaffected by our coming, but the cows stuck up their tails and stampeded in all directions, giving us a few anxious moments before our machine came to a safe stop among them.

The residents had received word of our coming, and were out in full force. Great excitement prevailed, as few of them had seen an aeroplane before. Mayor Stitt and his councillors gave their official welcome, and later a banquet was held to celebrate the occasion. Dr. R. C. Wallace, Commissioner of Northern Manitoba, with headquarters at The Pas, extended congratulations to Mr. Stanley and ourselves.

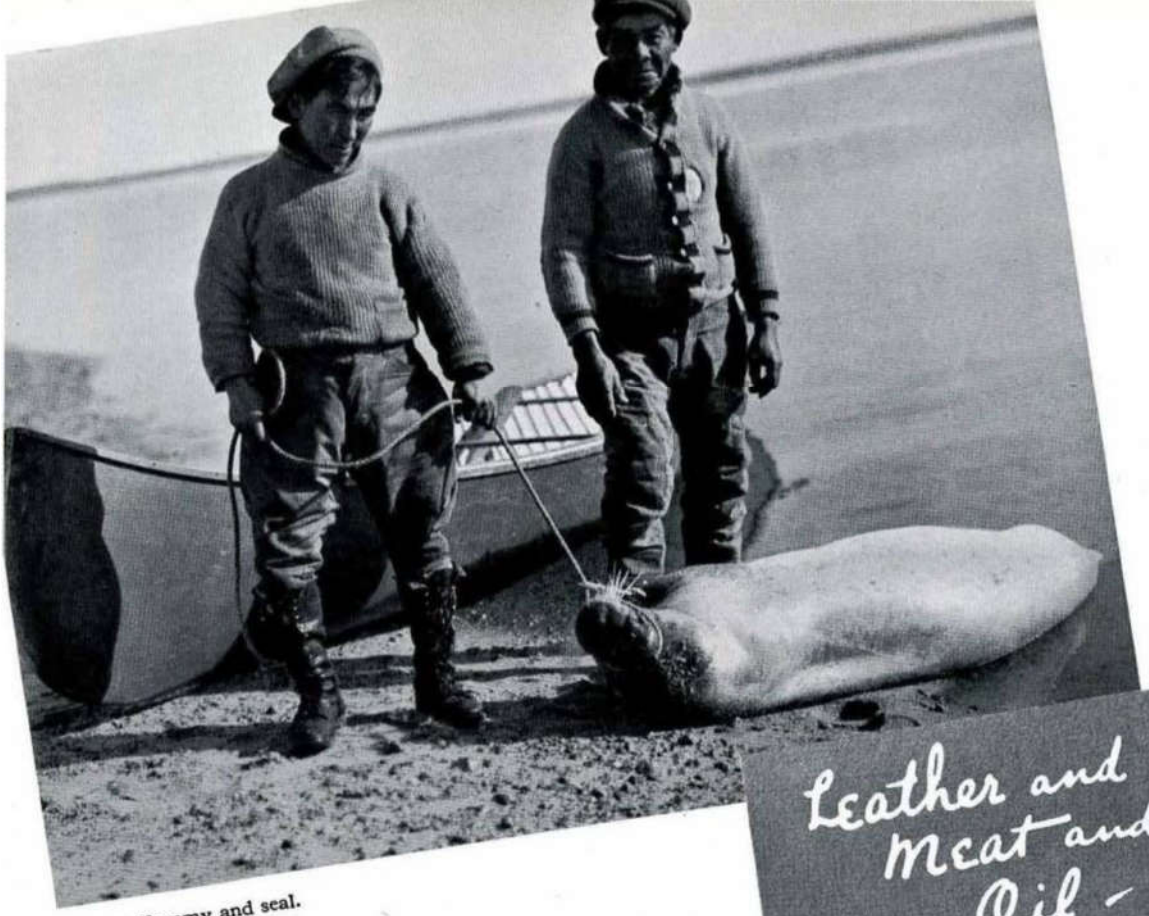
The elapsed time of the flight from Winnipeg to The Pas was slightly over fifty-three hours. The actual flying time was six hours and twelve minutes.

During our stay at The Pas we made several sightseeing flights. The first person to go up was Miss Ruth Taylor. I don't suppose the fact is known to her, wherever she may be, but she has the honour of being the first of her sex to fly in the northland. Another of our passengers who went up for the first time was the factor from the Hudson's Bay post at Grand Rapids. Unfortunately his name has slipped my memory, but I do know that he was the first Hudson's Bay man to fly in the north.

Indians came for miles around to view the machine, but only a few of them would come near. One old boy squatted under the wings, examining them at great length, and when asked what interested him so much, he pointed to the sky, saying in a puzzled tone, "How Thunder Bird stay up in sky?" We liked his choice of name for the machine, and forthwith, she was officially christened "The Thunder Bird."

We had expected to fly the machine back again to Winnipeg, but severe winter set in and the machine was not equipped with skis. The machine was therefore dismantled, and she rode back to her home port by freight.

Compared with the many huge and mighty powered Thunder Birds which now roar daily over our scheduled northern air routes, that good old Avro seems puny indeed, but she will go down in history as having valiantly served her purpose. With her arrival at The Pas, she carried a great blessing into that land of isolation, for she brought wings to the northland.



Allego, Tommy and seal.

Leather and Meat and Oil -

by Ben East

I SAW my first hair seal, appropriately enough, at the mouth of the Seal river. Our schooner lay at anchor off the mouth of the Seal, on an afternoon in late July. We were a few miles south of Cape Jones, bleak, treeless wedge of land that divides James bay from the wider waters of Hudson Bay. To seaward lay a chain of low islands, water-girt hillocks of moss and rock, linked by bare reefs between which ran a maze of winding, treacherous channels. Landward was the low shore, likewise all moss and rock and stunted willow, running off into flat distance, its rolling monotony unbroken by a single tree. These were the barren lands, the sub-arctic moors. In July the home of countless flocks of ptarmigan, of yellowlegs and plover. In autumn the gathering ground of the wildfowl legions, starting their long march into the south.

All the way up James bay, since leaving Charlton island, we had been on the lookout for seals. At Cape Hope island We-tel-tik, patriarch of the little band of Eskimos living there, had told us that seals were fairly abundant. His people had, by way of verifying his story, a few skins drying on split pole racks, and the all-pervading odor of seal oil hanging over their houses, their clothing and themselves.

We carried permits from the Dominion government, the Province of Quebec and Northwest Territories for the collection of a limited number of birds and mammals for two museums in the States. Among the things wanted badly by the Cranbrook Institute of Science, at Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, for which I was collecting, was a group of hair seals.

It was there at the mouth of the river named for them that we had our first chance. We had come back to the schooner in late afternoon, from a fishing trip for big squaretail trout in the lower rapids of the river. Incidentally, nowhere do I hope to find finer fishing than in those wild rivers of the James bay barrens. We were unloading tackle and equipment from the canoe to the deck of the schooner when our Cree deck hand sang out sharply and pointed astern.

"Seal!" someone cried.

Sure enough, there in the ocean not more than thirty yards astern, a big, sleek gray animal was rolling indolently, frolicking in the low swells, looking us over.

Cranbrook wanted the skulls of a few seals, but I made no move for my rifle. Seals, I had been told many times, sank like so many chunks of lead if shot in the water. Certainly we had no wish to kill an animal we could not retrieve and use.

Then the skipper's head poked up through the hatch of the engine room. "Square-flipper!" he shouted excitedly. "Big one." He swung around. "Get your guns. You want that fellow!"

I dived below deck, with Howard Cooper at my heels. We tugged our rifles out of their boots. He was up ahead of me. The seal had disappeared.

"Won't he sink if we kill him here in the water?" I protested.

"You shoot him," the skipper flung back. "We'll get him."

Cooper and I stood, scanning a half circle of leaden gray ocean astern and to starboard. A half minute

passed, maybe a full minute. Then the water parted, fifty yards off our beam, with a lazy, oily roll as if a giant bubble had floated to the top. The center of the bubble materialized into a stupid, shiny gray head. Behind it a long body rolled gracefully to the surface, wallowing in the sea.

The seal reared his head for a better look, turning slowly in the water as we brought our rifles up. The needs of science must be served when one is on a trip that includes scientific collection as one of its major objects, but there is little thrill in shooting an animal as indolent and defenceless as a hair seal. Three or four days later I was to stand alone, on a barren rocky island some fifteen miles off the tip of Cape Jones, and stop a charging polar bear at seventeen paces with the last shell in my rifle. That was a thrill! One of those rare minutes when every sense is sharpened, and the taste of life is keen because of the imminence of danger. But shooting a seal isn't like that. Cooper and I shot together, so closely that neither heard the crash of the other's rifle. The animal thrashed over in a brief flurry, flailing the water. A red stain spread, the seal floated quiet while you could have counted up to twenty, and sank so quickly that not even a ripple spread to mark the spot where it had gone down.

Our Cree deck hand and Tommy Lameboy, aged Cree pilot from the Fort George post, were halfway there in a canoe by that time, paddling furiously. They went on, cast in narrow circles for a few minutes but the seal was gone.

Allego, our Eskimo engine hand from Cape Hope island, set to work to rig a sturdy, ivory-tipped whale harpoon—one we had bought from We-tel-tik with trade goods—to the end of a long section of iron pipe. With this improvised prod the three men combed the bottom of the shallow bay in a widening circle, seeking to locate and harpoon the dead seal. But they had no luck. I was certain our trophy was gone, and I felt gloomy enough about losing the first seal we had seen, after it was shot.

We pitched our camp that night on an island that covered maybe a hundred acres and boasted three or four freshwater ponds. No cover grew on it taller than the low clumps of arctic willow, but we combed the beach for driftwood and carried in enough for a brisk evening fire. It was welcome, too. Floating ice was less than a hundred miles away to the north, we estimated, and the wind, coming down off those broken fields, had the bitter feel of a late autumn night at home. For all the big, waning moon that came up over the hills on shore near midnight, lighting the sea and the low islands, and for all the pale radiance of the Northern Lights, flaring in ghostly sheets across half the sky earlier in the evening, the night was one to call for a fire.

While we sat there around the camp Allego and Tommy Lameboy kept a deck watch for some sign of our lost seal. Past midnight they saw a widening oil slick spreading on the moonlighted ocean. The seal had floated to the top, as they predicted it would, and oil oozing from its wounds accounted for the slick.

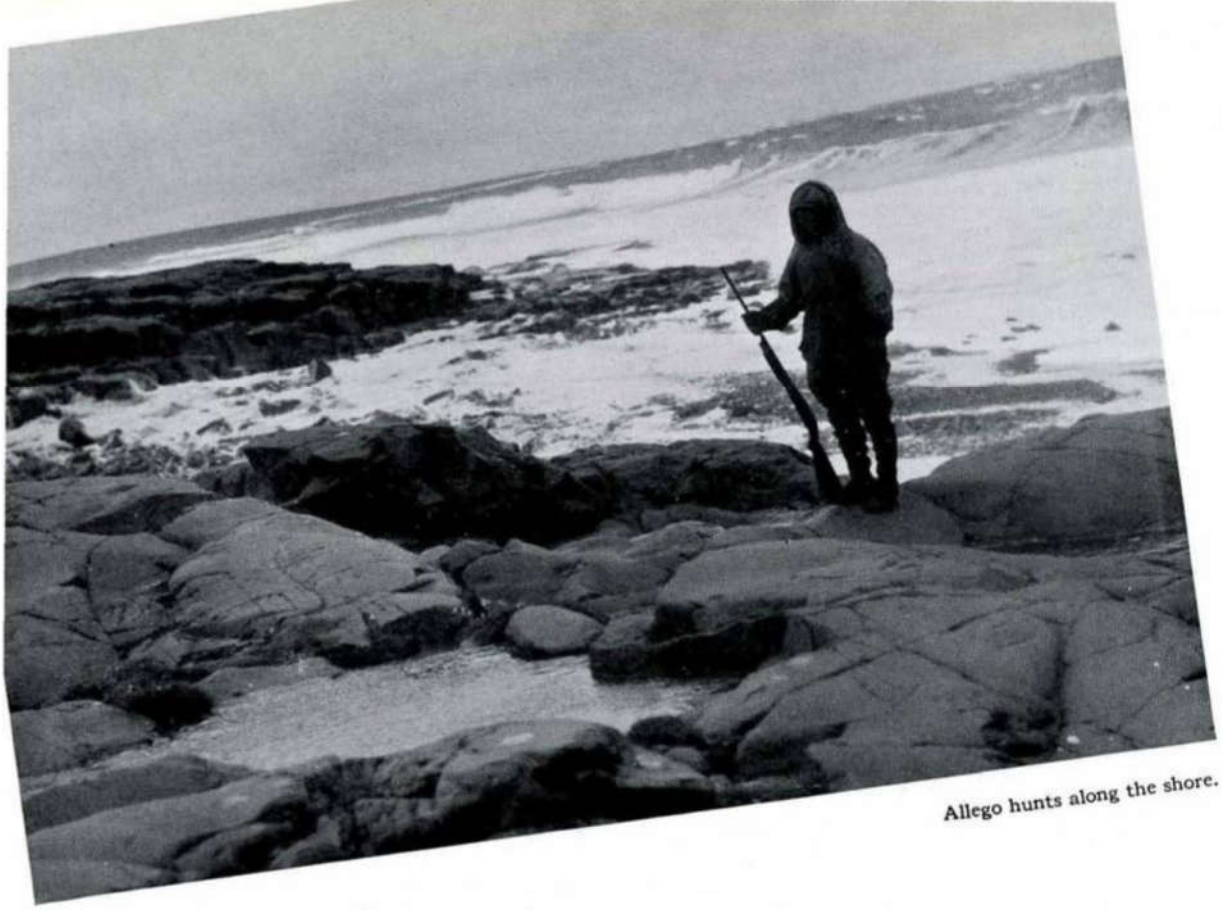
It was drifting with the ebb tide toward a small island a quarter mile away, so they let it go. At sunrise a hail from the beach stirred us out of our sleeping bags. We crawled forth in the cold dawn, rubbing sleep out of our eyes. Allego and Tommy were just coming ashore with the canoe. They towed the seal. They had found it on the beach at daybreak. It proved to be a bearded seal, the Square-flipper of the natives. We calculated its weight at about three hundred pounds.

Cranbrook got a seal skull which they wanted greatly. We got our first chance to try seal meat, but missed it when Allego tossed the big roast overboard the next day, evidently influenced by the fact that we had taken an abundance of speckled trout, and had no dogs on board.

Tommy Lameboy fared the best of all. He got the bulk of the big carcass and all the blubber. The latter he carefully stripped off in one thick blanket. He scoured a five-gallon oil can with sea water and sand until the last hint of oil was gone, packed the blubber in the can. It would be a bit rancid by the time we reached Fort George, ten days or two weeks later, but that bothered the old Cree not at all. Rancid or not, seal oil is still seal oil. To the white nose, in fact, I doubt whether age or previous condition of servitude affects it materially. The carcass of the seal old Tommy buried in the cool wet sand of the beach, just above high tide line. When he came back to the Cape Jones barrens in September, on the way to his winter trapping grounds, he would dig it up for dog food. To be sure it would be a trifle over-ripe by then, but the huskies wouldn't mind. A couple of hundred pounds of serviceable dog meat doesn't grow on every bush on the barren lands, and both the dogs and their owners know it.

What the bison once was to the Indians of the western plains—but pathetically less abundant—what the caribou still is in many sections of the far north, the hair seals are to the natives along the bleak shores of James bay and lower Hudson Bay. Leather and meat and oil the seals give them. Without the seals the coastal Crees and the southern Eskimos could not survive. North of the range of the moose, south of the

Lookout for seal.



Allego hunts along the shore.

caribou country, these natives rely almost entirely on sealskin as a source of leather. They make their dog harness of it and web their snowshoes with it. They cover their canoes with it when canvas is lacking. From it they make their harpoon lines to catch more seals and an occasional white whale that comes their way. Tanned waterproof, the sealskin is sewed with sinew into light mukluks that shed water as well as rubber. Parkas, trousers and mittens for winter wear are made of sealskin, as well as bags of all shapes and sizes and many other articles calling for leather.

The meat of the seal is coarse and so dark it is almost black. It may not be exactly a favorite item of food, but it compares with owl, loon and many other staples among the natives, and the dogs are by no means the only ones to benefit when a seal is killed. Much of the year those coastal Crees and Eskimos eat whatever they can get that will sustain life, and are thankful to get it. The blubber of the seal they prize perhaps most of all. It lies in a thick blanket of whitish fat, just under the pelt, taking the place of a coat of fur in protecting the animal from the icy water. From this blubber the natives render the oil that serves them, in the absence of whale oil, as a cooking fat, as boot grease, as soap, as fuel oil in their shallow stone lamps, and heaven knows in how many other ways. The seal oil has an odor that is something to write home about. The Eskimos and their summer tents reek of it. In the close quarters of a winter snow house it must be thick enough to cut in blocks. Once smelled it will never be forgotten or mistaken for anything else under the sun. In the cold of winter the blubber is chewed raw, as whites chew gum.

The Eskimos and the Crees hunt the seals incessantly the year around. Of all their hunting methods none is more interesting than that employed in the dead of winter, when they must drive a dog team far out on the ice fields, almost to the edge where ice and sea meet. The seals work back beneath the ice and in order to live there, cut off from a supply of air, they must keep blowholes open. They dig these holes up through the ice with the heavy claws of their front flippers and keep them open, even when the ice is two or three feet thick, by constant use and by scratching away new ice whenever it forms.

The native on a seal hunt locates a blowhole. If it is drifted over with snow and he cannot find it his dogs can be counted on to do the job for him. They smell out the seal hole under the snow and go straight to it. Some distance away the Eskimo or Cree makes the dog team lie down on the snow. He then clears away the snow from the blowhole, drops into the water a small ivory float like a fisherman's bobber, and kneels, crouches or sits beside the hole, harpoon in hand. He may wait minutes or hours. The temperature may be zero or far below. The wind may whine across the open ice fields, driving snow before it like steel hail. The native waits patiently on.

Try to imagine the picture. The wide, white waste of ice, the eddying curtain of snow, the solitary, skin-garbed figure crouched beside the seal hole, the sledge and dogs motionless on the ice fifty yards away. There speaks the loneliness, the cold, the patience, the bitter hunger of the north. Small wonder the Eskimos so often carve that scene in the ivory of a walrus tusk.

Eventually the seal returns. As it comes it is blowing out its breath under the ice. The rumble and gurgle of the bubbles warn the hunter of the animal's approach.

That is a tense minute. The slightest movement on the snow, the merest scratch of sound and the wary seal is gone. The hunter is as rigid as if carved from

black ice, save for his harpoon arm. That lifts, slowly and silently, and the hunter's eyes are glued to the ivory float. When the head of the rising seal enters the bottom of the blowhole the water will be pushed up and the float will lift.

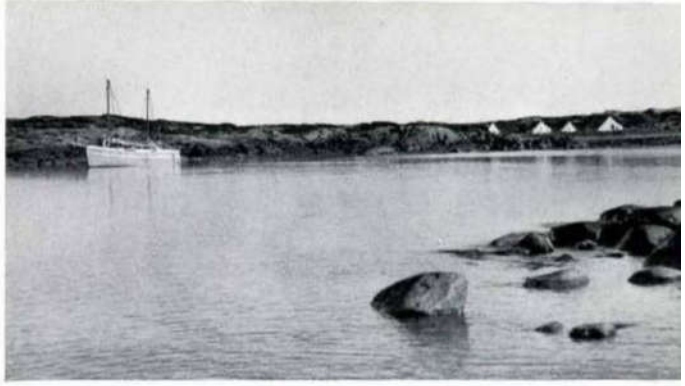
In that instant the hunter drives home his steel-barbed harpoon. He does not wait to see the seal. That would be too late. The seal would see him first.

The head of the harpoon fits loosely on the shaft and is attached to a long sealskin line. It pulls free and the hunter snubs his catch by taking a quick turn of the line around the handle.

If the seal is a small one it is drawn up at once and killed by a blow on the head. If large it is allowed to drown itself under the ice. The grey dolt of the north will stay down until dead rather than return to the hole and face the hunter. Should the seal prove too large to be drawn up through the blowhole a narrow ice spud attached to the harpoon handle serves for enlarging the hole and the problem is quickly solved.

In March, when much of the snow is gone from the ice, the seals begin crawling out through the blowholes to bask in the sun and the natives change their hunting methods. They abandon the harpoon for the rifle then, and the hunting becomes less tedious but more difficult. A head or neck shot that will kill instantly is required, for a wounded seal tumbles back into the sea and sinks instantly. At that season the animals, lean from the long winter and lacking the heavy blubber blanket that tends to buoy them up in late summer and autumn, go down like a stone and stay down. To get close enough for a clean kill the Cree and Eskimo hunters carry a small square of white cloth, fastened to two sticks that serve as handles, one on either end. They use this as a shield, stalking the seal behind it.

A basking seal sleeps for a few seconds or a few minutes, and then lifts its head to look around. Some are warier than others, keeping a more frequent watch. The hunter studies the seal until he learns about how often it is raising its head. He then creeps forward behind the cloth shield, moving when the seal is dozing, crouching motionless when it rears its head and while it stays on the lookout. In this way he comes within rifle range.



Camping where the Seal river enters Hudson Bay.

If the hunter comes upon a basking seal when he is carrying no shield, he still has a chance of making a successful stalk. He can lie down at full length on the ice and slide along, mimicking the antics of a moving seal. When the animal he is stalking lifts his head he stops and moves his arms and legs, seal-flipper fashion. When the quarry goes back to sleep he hitches along over the ice again. But the hunter must be skilful if he hopes to take a seal by this method.

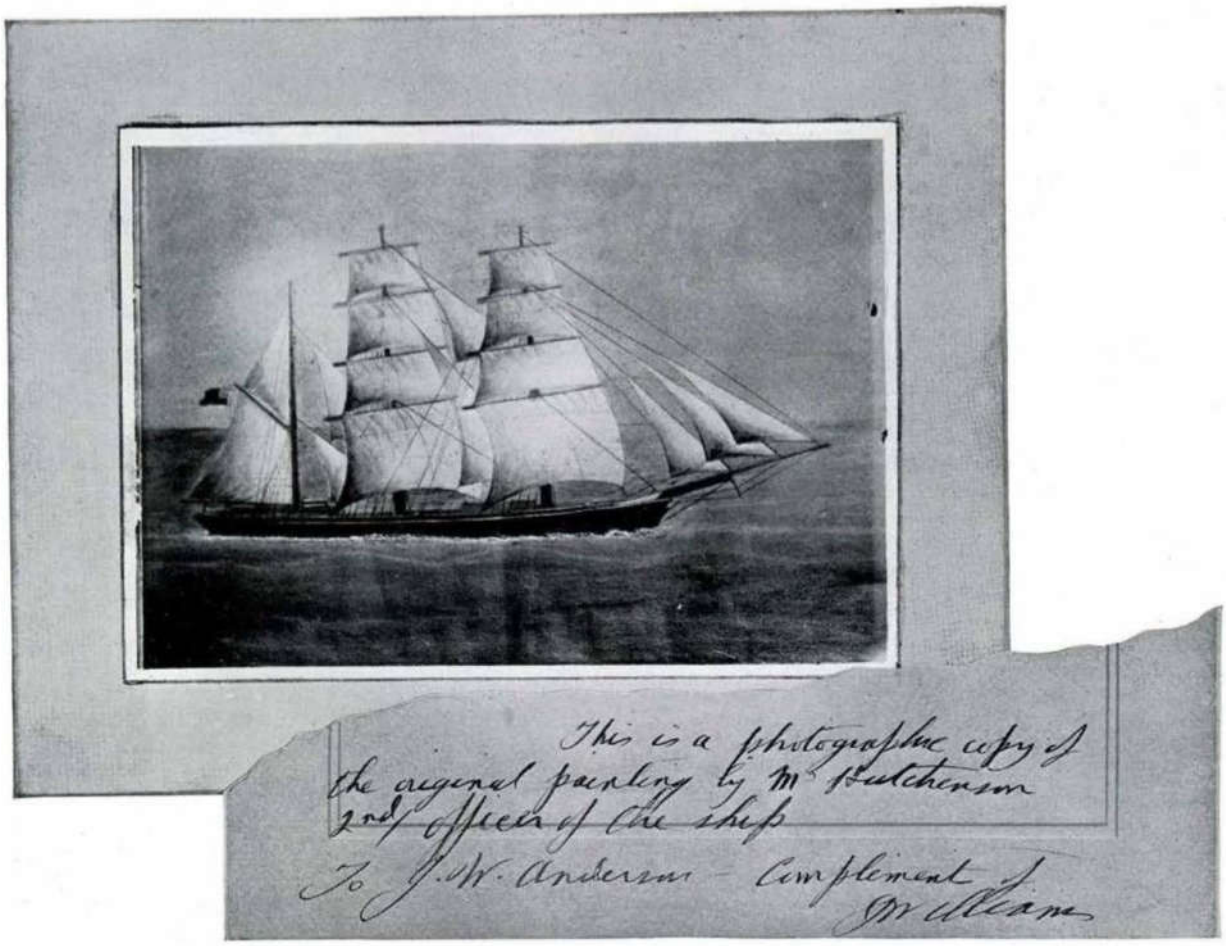
At Fort George we were told an amusing story of such a hunt by old We-tel-tik. The aged Eskimo crept up on a seal, doubtless aided by the fact that he was wearing trousers, parka and mukluks of sealskin, until he was actually lying beside the animal, no more than a yard away. The seal finally raised his head and put out its queer blunt nose to sniff at its newly arrived neighbor.

One sniff was more than enough. A human nose probably would have detected little but seal oil about We-tel-tik's person. But the seal smelled man. The old Eskimo grabbed for a hind flipper and tried to brace a foot across the blowhole to block the route of escape. But the seal was in the hole and gone before We-tel-tik could either secure a hold or get his foot solidly in place.

The bearded seal.

The seal's flipper.

The Last Voyage of the Stork


This is a photographic copy of
the original painting by Mr Hutchenson
2nd officer of the ship
To J.W. Anderson - Compliment
J Williams

by J. Williams, an apprentice on this last of a long line of square-rigged vessels that annually braved the ice and storm so that the Adventurers of England might trade in Hudson Bay.

IT'S no picnic sailing a square-rigged vessel into Hudson Bay. If it was all sunrise and sunset, squalls and calm, it would be easy. But there's fog, and there's ice—miles of it. And, as often as not, fog and ice together. Then the fog lifts, the temperature drops, a blizzard howls down out of the northwest and frozen tackle has to be hammered continuously to keep it clear for any sudden handling of the ship which may be necessary. Yet for nearly two and a half centuries the Hudson's Bay Company sent its sailing ships into the Bay.

It was early in June, 1908, when the *Stork*, a three masted barque and the last of the Company's sailing ships, left London for what was to be her last voyage. She anchored at Gravesend, twenty-five miles below London, to receive her final instructions from the Governor and Committee, and then she was taken in tow by a tug to the estuary of the Thames, where she cast off to make her way to James Bay under her own sail.

After clearing the Faroe Islands to the north of the Shetlands, a course was set past Cape Farewell, Greenland, for Resolution Island at the entrance to Hudson Strait. Ships are scarce in these northern latitudes, and after seeing a few fishing smacks around the north of Scotland not a ship was seen. During this trip she was

buffeted by gales of wind both fair and adverse. To keep the ship right side up in a gale of wind with nothing but rope and canvas, and no mechanical aids, required skill and strength. The ship was loaded with supplies that hundreds of natives were dependent upon and could only receive annually, so responsibility was great.

Within a few miles of Resolution Island, at the entrance to Hudson Strait, ice was seen and a few days later the ship was being conned through the icefields. Finally the *Stork* was caught in ice which extended as far as the eye could see. It made one wonder at times if it would ever be possible to get the ship out. The rudder was put amidships and tackle rigged on it to keep it there. The idea was to keep it from getting damaged. Men were sent out on the ice to locate freshwater pools and with the aid of a pump and hose to replenish the supply of fresh water on board. At one time during this work the ship loosened from the ice for awhile and made such headway that the men on the ice had to abandon the equipment and run to catch the ship. During the stay on the ice two polar bears were killed by the officers.

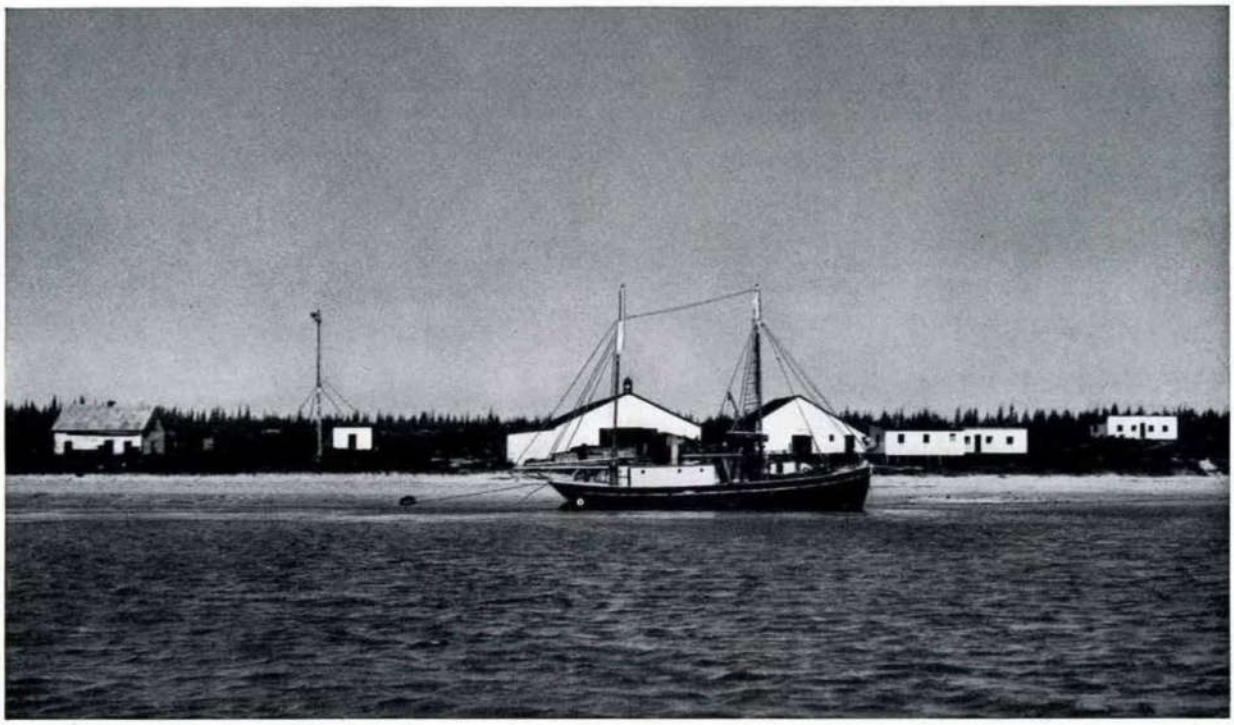
After getting clear of the ice fair progress was made for a few days. The officers on the ice bridge, which was rigged up high so that ice could be seen farther off, were busy zigzagging the ship to avoid being caught again. We finally got out of the straits and into Hudson Bay. What a dirty expanse of water it is in a gale of wind! The deep sea leadline was continually being heaved, as all Hudson's Bay Company captains in those days had to make their own charts. A busy time it was with lead heaving, gales of wind, uncharted rocks and shoals: the old phrase, "wooden ship and iron men," was truly applicable. Added to other navigation risks was the magnetic attraction of the compass caused by the geological formation of the land in the vicinity.

Eventually the south end of Hudson Bay was reached and the entrance to James Bay passed. Here, in a comparatively small body of water with uncharted rocks and shoals to be negotiated, there was not much room for a ship with only sails to turn her in places when there was a head wind. Careful lookout was kept and the lead cast every half-hour day and night. Ice again held the ship up for a week at the Bear Cub Islands. On getting free again sail was made and in a couple of days Charlton Island, our destination, was sighted. The local supply ship *Inenew* took the *Stork* in tow to the anchorage abreast of the depot.

The *Discovery*, which arrived two weeks before, had just finished unloading and ballasting and was about to leave on her homeward voyage to England. She stayed a few days after our arrival, busy bending a winter suit of sails to take care of the heavy gales that prevail in the Bay and North Atlantic in the fall. The route homeward bound in those days was up and out of Hudson Bay straight across the Atlantic to Land's End and up the English Channel and Thames to London.

The discharging of the cargo and taking aboard ballast occupied about two weeks. Then the *Stork* was pulled out into the sound. A few days were spent rigging up the winter suit of sails and everything was prepared for sea—heavy sea.

When everything was ready the *Stork* was taken in tow by the small local steamer and pulled to the west point of the island, where the ship anchored to await a favourable wind that would take her clear of the numerous shoals and islands that dot this part of the Bay. A week passed before a favourable wind arrived



The Company's depot on Charlton Island, the distributing depot for posts in that district before the railroad ran to Moosonee on James Bay.

and took the ship along her northerly course for about six hundred miles. As is usual in this part of the country at this time of year, the wind veered suddenly and in a few hours a howling wind was raging from the northwest, accompanied by snow that made it impossible to carry much sail. During three days of tacking against this she made only a few miles, and finally heavy fog was encountered and low temperatures which indicated that ice was not far distant. At this time we were abreast of Cape Dufferin, close to where Port Harrison is now. The ship was tacking back and forth across the Bay to locate any opening through the ice. Finally the captain called the crew aft and explained to them that conditions were such that if further attempts were made to get through the ice pack there was great danger of the ship freezing into it. With limited food supplies, the situation was dangerous. He suggested to them that it was his intention to turn the ship about and run back to Charlton Island, there to spend the winter and return to England the following summer.

This was agreed on and orders to about ship were given. The *Stork* was put before the gale under as much sail as she could carry, and through the blinding blizzard she went southward. The temperature was falling rapidly and in a few hours the decks were icy and even the tackle had to be hammered to get the ice off before it could be manipulated. Danger lurked ahead. No visibility, unchartered shoals and islands made the situation none too pleasant. Fifteen miles from Charlton Island is Lisbon Rock, and when the ship was thought to be getting near it men were sent aloft to take in sail. A job it was with a howling blizzard blowing at sixty miles an hour and a rocky island to leeward. The ship having been run by dead reckoning for over a week among numerous shoals and shallows, the nerves of the officers were all strung as tight as fiddle strings. The sails were hardly lowered when the ship struck a submerged reef with such a thump that it sent the mainmast from its step. Orders were given to cut adrift the sails. The canvas went out of the ropes with the report of a cannon. Wire cables and stays came down from aloft and spelt death to anyone who got hit by them. All hands were called aft to keep clear of the falling wires. Up forward the first officer and a few men were busy with anchors and cable. Order was well maintained at all times, which was remarkable under the circumstances.

The carpenter sounded the well and reported four feet of water in the ship. Men manned the pumps and at times kept the water under control. When the tide was in the water gained continually. At dawn it was seen that the ship was on a reef with rocks visible all around. Efforts to club-haul did not prove satisfactory as the ship had apparently settled on a large rock and was more or less pivoted.

During the next few days she had settled to such an extent that only three feet of freeboard was visible. At three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon the lifeboats were provisioned, water put aboard and the *Stork* abandoned. The two lifeboats headed for Charlton and anchored off the west point until daybreak. It was noticed that the boat with the first officer in charge was missing, and after failing to locate them the captain headed his boat to the post. It was not till Wednesday that the occupants of the other boat arrived, having run ashore on a reef and walked to the post, losing their way in the bush. However, all the ship's company were safe at the depot in the middle of James Bay with the wives and children of a few Eskimos for neighbours, the men having gone on a hunt. The crew were on the island a week before the caretaker and the Eskimos returned. Winter was approaching fast; there was a foot of snow on the ground and arrangements had to be made to get to Rupert's House. Then one morning, taking a lifeboat and a small schooner that was available, the ship's crew left for Rupert's House, fifty miles away. They reached the post that evening.

The hull of the Sorine, which suffered a fate somewhat similar to that of the Stork. She ran on a shoal but was taken off and beached near the Charlton Island depot, where ice and storm broke her up.

Ice in Lancaster Sound. LORENE SQUIRE

It was the captain's plan to spend the freeze-up at this post, but, after conferring with the post manager, it was decided to go on to Moose Factory by canoe. Three canoes were manned with Indian guides and the trip to Moose Factory was started two days after the arrival at Rupert's House. This trip occupied eight days and proved irksome to most of the sailors. The cramped quarters and bad weather got on their nerves and consequently there was a considerable amount of squabbling and scrapping. The canoes arrived at Moose the day before the river froze over for good. This ended the voyage of the *Stork's* crew for that season.

Today a part of the deck of the old *Stork* lies not many miles from Moose Factory, a reminder of that fleet of sailing ships which for two hundred and thirty-nine years braved the storms, ice and fog so that the Company might carry on its trade. The *Stork* was the last sailing vessel in the Company's service, and not so many years after she was lost the *Nascopie* made her appearance in the Bay weeks earlier in the summer than had ever been possible in days of sail.

But for all the hardships of sail, they were grand days.

The Sorine, chartered by the Company, in the ice north of Charlton Island in August, 1910.

Book Reviews

SAGARD'S LONG JOURNEY TO THE COUNTRY OF THE HURONS. By Father Gabriel Sagard. Edited with introduction and notes by George M. Wrong. Translated into English by H. H. Langton. The Champlain Society, Toronto.

GABRIEL Sagard, a Recollect of St. Francis in the province of St. Denis in France, arrived at Quebec in June, 1623, and almost immediately departed on his mission to the Huron country bounded by Georgian Bay, Lake Simcoe and Lake Huron. He returned to France in the autumn of 1624, and *Le Grand Voyage* was published eight years later. The Champlain Society has now rescued it from oblivion, publishing along with the original an English translation, a clear historical introduction, and ample explanatory notes.

Sagard describes carefully and on the whole with little prejudice his long journey from France and his year with the Hurons. As a first-hand record of the Huron way of life his account is invaluable. He had been preceded in Huronia by Brother Joseph Le Caron who was there in 1615 and whose knowledge of the language helped Sagard. Both these men and a third lay brother, Nicolas Viel, travelled with separate Huron groups to their country in 1623. They lived with various encampments in the 800 square mile area of the tribe, studying the language and trying to inculcate the first principles of Christianity. It was a mission of example rather than of active preaching and exhortation. They built no church but raised their altars within the cramped quarters of the huts assigned to them. In the sometimes sad story of subsequent missions to the Indians, the quiet and kindly efforts recorded by Sagard stand out as wholly admirable.

Most histories give insufficient credit to the missionaries who followed so closely upon the fur traders and explorers. These men who lived among the Hurons more than three hundred years ago, were suited only spiritually to the life. Travel and primitive food would have made the year a torment to men of lesser faith. They wore the long grey woollen Franciscan habit, often wet to the skin. They went bare-headed except for the heavy pointed hood at the back which might be pulled up in extreme weather. Thick wooden sandals were their only foot covering for travel through dense forest and lake country. For food they had sagamité, Indian corn crudely ground and cooked, some fish and wild fruits in season. There is little mention of meat. Sagard noted the good health of the tribe on their daily diet of Indian corn cooked in various ways. The choicest feast dish was *Leindohy*, or stinking corn. The corn on the cob was soaked in stagnant water for months and then roasted, dried, shelled and finally put in the earthen soup pot. At night there was a reed mat on the bare earth for a bed, and a pillow of stone. The host shared with Sagard his bear skin covering on a rainy night and compassionately required no paddling from the Recollects by day.

Like the Indians farther north, the Hurons had no equivalents for Bible words. They had never needed any term for sanctification, sacrament, glory, trinity, holy, angels, nor for faith, hope and charity. They believed in the immortality of the soul; and they called the Milky Way the path of souls. Near by was another starry trail which they called the path of the dogs. So that the souls of the dead would not be in need they placed with their bodies bread and oil and tomahawks and utensils; not that the spirits would require such earthly trappings, but the souls of these inanimate things would minister to the souls of departed tribesmen. The Hurons subscribed eagerly to Sagard's teaching of a white man's heaven and hell.

Writing filled them with wonder for the miracle of being able to deliver a message without being present. Sagard compiled a dictionary phrase book which is a lasting record of the old Huron language. Their word for village was *Andata*, closely related to the Canada originated by Cartier. The Hurons called Sagard's rosary *Jesus* which was their name for the sun. The Huron form of Ottawa was *Andatahouat*. The French were called *Agnonha* or iron people because they had taught the tribe the use of metals.

This is the last of the Champlain Society's great trilogy which recreates the life of New France through the eyes of Lescarbot, poet and man of letters; Champlain, the father of fur trade monopoly; and now the fine, tolerant record left by Sagard.—A.M.

HERALDS OF CHRIST THE KING. Sister Mary Theodore, S.S.A. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York, 1939.

SIR George Simpson's old manor at Lachine, Quebec, is now the Mother House of the Sisters of Ste. Anne, an order of Roman Catholic nuns who were the first of their faith to establish teaching missions west of the Rockies. "Heralds of Christ the King" is the work of one of these nuns, Sister Mary Theodore, who has spent sixty years in the west coast missions. While her book is a detailed history of the development of Catholic missions in the Pacific northwest, it centres about the life and work of Father Francis Norbert Blanchet, afterwards the first Archbishop of Oregon, and Father Modeste Demers, Bishop of Victoria from 1847-71.

The part played by the Hudson's Bay Company in the encouragement of missions, is fully given by Sister Mary Theodore, and she summarizes the attitude of the Company in: "The Hudson's Bay Company deserves much praise for its moral and religious policies. At a time when in Europe and in the thirteen American colonies religious intolerance prevailed, the Hudson's Bay Company in its isolated Northern Empire promoted religion and its co-related benefit of civilization. Everyone under its control enjoyed unhampered freedom of conscience."

The first missionaries left for Fort Vancouver with the Hudson's Bay brigade in 1838, and Governor Simpson watched their departure from his manor porch. These missionaries and their followers received free transportation with the brigades and every assis-

tance from the men in the service. Sister Mary Theodore tells also of the great hospitality and personal contributions of Chief Factor Peter Skene Ogden and Mrs. Ogden, of Dr. John McLoughlin, Chief Factor John Rowand, and Chief Factor James Douglas.

The book is, for the average reader, somewhat self-consciously devout. Interpretations of various experiences are from the point of view of an ardent religious who has spent nearly a lifetime in the work of which she writes, and this makes the reading a little difficult for the laity. There are some gently humorous touches as when the two novices at "Governor's Manor" search for Sir George Simpson's old wine cellar; again when Sister Mary Providence advises a young wife whose home life is unhappy, to learn to be a better cook.

The story of the sisterhood in the missions is modestly summarized. Sister Mary Theodore's work gives assurance that the Museum and Archives of the Sisters of Ste. Anne, in Victoria, will always record carefully the history of Christianity on the west coast.—K.W.R.

L'ABITIBI. Published in French by Pierre Trudelle, of Amos, Quebec. $3.00.

ABITIBI—Other Times, Yesterday and Today" deals with a district of which little has been written. In this area from James bay south to the Height of Land the slope to the north is gradual, with few basins. Abitibi is the largest lake. The translation of the Indian Abitibi is "the midway point"—evidently because it is about half way between James bay and the Ottawa river-Great Lakes transport route. Before the railway came, Abitibi was one of the leading routes to Hudson Bay from the south. By way of a steady climb up the Ottawa river and a chain of lakes the Height of Land is crossed. After travelling over a few remaining lakes the traveller reaches Abitibi. Like Lake Nipissing it is a shallow lake. Often there is rough water. The canoeist must keep a watchful eye on the weather. He avoids open stretches and in one place portages across a point of land to save many treacherous miles. Abitibi river, below Lake Abitibi, and Quinze river, on the route to Abitibi, are full of danger.

The first recorded visit to Abitibi was the melodramatic trip of Chevalier de Troyes in 1686. On 3rd June, 1686, Father Silvy celebrated the first mass on the shore of Abitibi. On 6th June, after prayers for success, they resumed the march to capture the Hudson's Bay Company forts on James bay.

In sharp contrast with this expedition of destruction and plunder was the coming of M. l'abbe Charles Lefebvre de Bellefeuille in 1837. Peace reigned in the wilderness. The ruinous competition with the North West Company and the earlier wars had been succeeded by the zealous work of Governor George Simpson. M. Trudelle has produced an interesting record of the Abbe's trip a century ago. "I departed from Montreal on 7th June in a north canoe, which the Honourable Company of the Hudson's Bay in its generosity had provided." The log shows that he reached Lake Temiskaming on the 24th. After completing his religious work, he left for Abitibi on 9th July with six men and an Indian guide. The description of the portion of the Ottawa known as the Quinze river was of particular interest to the writer because of a similar trip made in 1907. The name comes from the fifteen portages encountered in the river's short but wild career of about twenty-five miles. The good Abbe had several misfortunes in ascending the river, but finally reached Quinze lake. He then proceeded up the chain of lakes which make up the ancient transport route. As in the case of countless travellers before and since, he was welcomed and assisted at the Hudson's Bay post.

Abbe Bellefeuille left the following description of Abitibi post: "This post, distant some 200 leagues from Montreal, is situated on the extremity of a long point at the entrance to Lake Abitibi on the east side. It consists of two houses and two little sheds, one for the handling of the provisions and merchandise and the furs and the other for the canoes. The lake is a large one, 24 leagues long. It is dangerous for navigation, for it is shallow and has violent storms as it is near the Height of Land. White fish abound, but the water is unwholesome."—*Arthur S. Hamilton.*

A HISTORY OF THE CANADIAN WEST TO 1870-71. "Being a history of Rupert's Land (the Hudson's Bay Company's territory) and of the North-West territory (including the Pacific Slope)." By Arthur S. Morton, M. (Edin.), F.R.S.C., head of the department of history of the University of Saskatchewan.

PROFESSOR Morton has gathered together a vast collection of records, placed them with a few aberrations in chronological order, and compressed the whole into less than a thousand pages. There is an appendix of bibliographical notes, chapter by chapter, and an index of names of places and people.

No doubt it will be a convenience and economy for students to find so much information crowded within the covers of a single book. An index by subject would have added greatly to its usefulness. The prepared index, while very long, is incomplete for the scope of the period chosen, and it was disappointing to find the Father of the Oregon listed under McLoughlin Bay. Unimportant people and places might well have been deleted to make room for those that really matter.

Nevertheless this is an impressive compilation. Had it been less pedestrian it would attract many readers. Such sentences as this are deplorable: "From Jasper House in its 'beautifully wild and romantic situation,' but 'merely a temporary Summer post for the convenience of the Columbians,' that is, as a station for their provisions and horses, Simpson sent the horses ahead and travelled by canoe to 'William Henry's Old House' opposite the mouth of the Miette River."

With no wish to be pedantic about these things, a minor error in the Simpson career should be noted. Simpson did not volunteer to lead the Athabasca brigade in 1820. His services were "required" by Governor Williams. Again, Professor Morton commends the Governor and Committee for wisdom in removing Williams to the governorship of the Southern Department. In his diary Nicholas Garry makes it quite clear that the appointment was requested by Williams himself.

PANUCK, ESKIMO SLED DOG. By Frederick Machetanz. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

THE story of a little Alaskan Eskimo boy and his husky pup, how they grew up together and became good mushers. Boys will like this book. especially the many illustrations by the author.

The Governor leaving New York on his way to Winnipeg.

The Service Today

AFTER paying the Company's long overdue rent, the Governor paid visits of inspection to the Company stores in Calgary, Nelson, Vernon, Kamloops and Vancouver. From Vancouver he flew to Los Angeles, and after a day there returned to visit the Victoria store.

On the return trip the Governor boarded CF-BMI at Edmonton and in one week covered 5,000 miles of the north country. On the 19th the official party stopped at McMurray, Chipewyan, Vermilion, Little Red River, and Fort Smith. The following day they flew a thousand miles, landing at nine posts: Rocher River, Resolution, Hay River, Providence, Simpson, Nelson Forks, Fort Nelson, and Liard. From Fort Simpson on the following day they went to Norman, Good Hope, Arctic Red River, McPherson and Aklavik. The next night they spent at Goldfields after stopping at Yellowknife. From Goldfields they touched at Fond du Lac, Clear Lake, Souris River, Stanley, Lac la Ronge, and Prince Albert.

The Governor motored to Saskatoon to see the store there, returning to Prince Albert to fly to The Pas.

The Governor and A. H. Doe looking over the construction of the final section of the new Edmonton store.

Phyllis Ripley, Vernon store, receives her Silver Bar and cheque for twenty years' service.

Meeting the staff. T. E. Smale presents Miss E. Grausbord, who works in the shoe department, Edmonton.

The Governor talking with a group of Indians at Fort McPherson.

Return to Winnipeg. Left to right: H. Winny, Patrick Ashley Cooper, Duncan McLaren, Paul Davoud, P. A. Chester, General Manager of the Company in Canada, whose appointment as a director of the Central Mortgage Bank was recently announced by the Prime Minister; R. H. Chesshire.

London Office News

During the past three months the following members of the Canadian Fur Trade staff have completed a short course of training in the warehouse: C. G. Wilson, P. A. C. Nicholls, T. D. Lindley. Congratulations are due to Mr. Wilson, and to A. F. Frayling, of the London Warehouse (Private Treaty Department), who were married on 8th July. We have also received a visit from R. Cruickshank of Belcher Island post.

A collection of pastel portraits of well-known figures of the Canadian north by Miss Kathleen Shackleton was exhibited at the Imperial Institute, London, during the period 26th June–31st July. These portraits were commissioned by the Company for its Archives, and they have been the subject of favourable comment in the press and much admiration by the many people who have now seen them.

Since the date of the last London Office news, the following visitors have inspected the Archives at Hudson's Bay House: Hon. N. E. Tanner, Minister of Land and Mines for Alberta; W. S. Campbell, Edmonton; George S. Hume, Ottawa; Dr. Alexander Milne, formerly assistant commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company; and Dr. V. Tanner, professor of the University of Helsingfors, Norway, who is compiling a bibliography relating to Labrador.

Fur Trade Commissioner's Office

On June 25, the Governor arrived back in Winnipeg after an historic inspection trip in the Company's Beechcraft covering 4,685 miles. With him were P. A. Chester, General Manager, R. H. Cheshire and Paul Davoud, with Harry Winny, pilot, and Duncan McLaren, air engineer. Leaving Edmonton on June 18, the party visited 28 posts, the Mackenzie River Transport and two shipyards during the 8-day trip. The Governor was delighted with the performance of the new plane and with the opportunity of personally viewing conditions at so many posts within such a short space of time. The peak of the schedule was reached on the third day of the trip when nine posts were visited and 960 miles flown. The arrival of the trim, twin-engined monoplane with the H B C ensign on the fuselage and with its distinguished visitors provided a great thrill at each post. The Governor really saw the Fur Trade in the raw on this trip. Posts were not forewarned and there are many stories of the surprised reactions of the staff when they strolled down to meet a new plane and found the Governor aboard.

Ralph Parsons, Fur Trade Commissioner, has recently completed a history making trip in the Company's Beechcraft with Paul Davoud as pilot and Duncan McLaren, air engineer. Starting from North Bay on July 10, Mr. Parsons flew non-stop to Moose Factory. On July 11, he left for Rupert's House, this time with M. Cowan, district manager, and James Lusk, apprentice, on board. Departure from Rupert's House for East Main, the next stop on the itinerary, was delayed four days, owing to poor flying weather. After a day and a half at East Main, they flew to Fort George for lunch and then continued to Great Whale River, where Mr. Cowan and Apprentice Lusk stopped off. The Commissioner, Paul Davoud and Duncan McLaren continued on to Port Harrison that night. On the 19th, they left Port Harrison for Povungnetuk. This was the first time a Fur Trade Commissioner has visited Povungnetuk. From there the Commissioner flew to Cape Smith, from which he proceeded by post boat to Wolstenholme and Sugluk where he boarded the *Nascopie*. Paul Davoud and Dunc. McLaren flew back to The Pas via Great Whale River, Attawapiskat, Moose Factory and God's Lake, at which point Harry Winny took over and flew the ship to Edmonton.

In all, the trip covered 3,200 miles and it was the first time that a Company official had visited posts on the east side of Hudson Bay by aeroplane. It is also the first time anyone has seen the *Nascopie* off at Montreal and then joined her again at Hudson Strait as Mr. Parsons did.

H. P. Warne has recently been in Edmonton, Grande Prairie and Montreal. Jim Donald was in the Maritimes in June and Calgary in July, and H. E. Cooper attended the conference of Retail Stores' merchandise managers in Calgary early in July.

John Watson continues to keep himself busy on the building programme in the North. He is working out of Edmonton these days and has not been seen in Hudson's Bay House for some time now.

We welcome Leonard Butler, biologist, and Ian McLean, chartered accountant, to the ranks of the fur trade. Mr. Butler is undertaking research work in connection with fur conservation and is at present at Steeprock Rat Marsh. Mr. McLean is in F.T.C.O. Other newcomers to Hudson's Bay House are Clarence Doidge and Bill Frechette who have started respectively in C.C.O. and the Wholesale department.

We have seen very little of Donald Denmark in Winnipeg during the past month as work at Cumberland House Marsh is keeping him pretty much on the scene there.

George Wright is back in Winnipeg with us again after spending the winter in the Mackenzie-Athabasca District. He is now assistant at the Winnipeg Fur Purchasing Agency.

Fred Mehmel, last year located at the Regina Fur Purchasing Agency, has recently come to Winnipeg to take charge of the Agency here. A. M. Jones has been transferred to Edmonton to work on furs of the western districts.

Charlie Wilson of the Winnipeg Agency has had a move this year too, and is now established as fur buyer in Peace River. He is to be congratulated on his promotion and also on his marriage on July 21 to Miss Gwendolyn Reynolds of Winnipeg.

Congratulations and good wishes also go to Jack Kimpton of F.T.C.O. who was married on August 18 to Miss Frances McKenty of Winnipeg.

W. O. Douglas, manager of the Bird's Hill Fur Farm, met with a serious accident on 4th May when returning to Winnipeg by motor in company with Mr. Cunningham, Manitoba Game Commissioner, after visiting Steeprock Rat Marsh. The car overturned on the highway near Ste. Rose du Lac and Mr. Douglas suffered a fractured vertebra of the neck. Mr. Cunningham escaped with slight injuries. Doug is making a good recovery and is back again at Bird's Hill, to the great relief of his many friends.

Bob Murray of F.T.C.O. and Jock Runcie of the Training School have both been on the sick list but are back again at the office.

On May 26 fourteen more boys graduated from the Winnipeg Training School. It was a big day for these boys as each received a handshake and the good wishes of the Governor, who attended the closing session of the sixth class to leave the Training School. The Governor presented each apprentice with a Brief History of the Company and was greatly interested in learning to which posts they were being assigned. All the boys are now established at their posts, ranging from Nain on the Labrador to Stewart River on the Yukon. The Training School has been closed for the summer and meanwhile Jock Runcie is preparing for the next class which is scheduled to start in October.

By now all posts will have heard of the dietary research being undertaken for the Company by Dr. F. F. Tisdall and his associates in the Department of Paediatrics, University of Toronto. Dr. Tisdall has achieved distinction as an authority on nutrition problems and the Company has been fortunate in securing his co-operation. The question of proper diet is one of vital importance to the Fur Trade staff and any improvements effected will be a material contribution to welfare in the north.

The *Nascopie* sailed from Cardiff, Wales, on the 17th June for Montreal, after having had repairs completed at Falmouth. Passengers on the return trip to Canada were Mrs. Smellie, Nancy Smellie, Mrs. D. L. McKeand, Mrs. Hamilton, P. A. C. Nichols, and C. G. Wilson. The ship docked in Montreal on 28th June, and loading of supplies commenced immediately. The morning of July 8, the date of sailing from Montreal, was extremely warm, but in spite of it, the Governor, Mrs. Cooper and the Misses Cooper, the Fur Trade Commissioner, practically all the Montreal Office staff and a large number of former passengers and friends were down at the dock to wish Captain Smellie and the ship's company God-speed and a safe return. The evening prior to sailing, the Commissioner entertained the Montreal Office staff, members of Ungava District who were sailing, pensioners F. and J. L. Gaudet, and W. E. Swaffield, at dinner at the Windsor Hotel.

The Government's Eastern Arctic Patrol is again being accommodated on the *Nascopie*, under the able command of Major D. L. McKeand. There are twenty-one in the party this year.

Tourists embarking on the *Nascopie* at Montreal were: Mr. and Mrs. Louis R. Wallace, Santa Fe, California, Dr. E. C. Boyer and son, Johnstown, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Nelson, Clearfield, Pa., Miss Dorothy E. Cleveland, Toronto, Miss L. J. Cameron, Fort William, Miss M. Oldenburg, Minneapolis, Messrs. C. A. Claflin, Boston, G. Schaff, Buffalo, N.Y.

Many post managers and clerks have called in this summer at F.T.C.O. where the boys from the North are always welcome. Some of these include Mr. and Mrs. G. C. M. Collins from Fort Simpson, Bill Johnston and family from Aklavik, E. J. Leslie and family from Berens River, Mrs. J. A. Thom and daughter, Sandra, who are en route to Churchill to join the *Nascopie* and Jimmie Thom, also during June and July, Bill Mitchell and his family from Lac la Ronge, Mr. and Mrs. Jock Stewart, from Little Grand Rapids, and Frank Schoales from Summer Beaver, and many others either on holiday or transfer who have made Winnipeg a stopping place for a few days.

We regret to report the passing of three fur trade pensioners. In the death of J. J. G. Rosser at Prince Albert June 2, 1939, many of the older fur traders lost a sincere friend. Mr. Rosser was a staunch H B C man and very highly esteemed by all who knew him. He originally entered the service in 1886, at Fort Qu'Appelle, and saw service at many historic posts during his association of nearly fifty years with the Company.

Osgoode E. Thompson, formerly of the Fur Trade Depot, where he saw forty years' service, retired only two years ago, and it was a great shock to his many friends here to learn of his sudden passing at Winnipeg on the 17th June. Mr. Thompson endeared himself to all his associates by his quiet and unassuming manner.

On the 4th July, J. W. Miller, who had given many years' faithful service to the Company, died at Gogama, Ontario, after a long illness.

Mackenzie River Transport

From the time of the spring break-up the transport fleet has been rushing supplies to Hudson's Bay posts and customers down north. Outboard engines, flour, sugar and canned goods have made up regular cargos, while special shipments of fresh goods have been carried by the two refrigerator barges. Tankers have taken thousands of gallons of fuel oil and gasoline to the mines.

Capt. Alexander took his hard working diesel boat *Beaver Lake* into Fitzgerald and Goldfields right after the ice went out, and was first in to both ports. The *Pelly Lake* commanded by Capt. Brayshaw made several trips from Waterways to Fitzgerald, and was then hauled out at Tar Island shipyard for repairs. The crew transferred to the *Porphyry*, taken over from Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. She is a lake boat, and runs from Goldfields to the Willows, at the mouth of the Athabasca river.

The steamer *Athabasca River* with Captain Brown at the wheel has had some difficulty with low water. On the connecting trip with the S.S. *Distributor* a great deal of trouble was encountered going from the Clearwater river to the Athabasca. All baggage, wood, and a heavy portable refrigerator were transferred to a yarding barge, lightering the ship till she drew only two foot eight. Even then she scraped on the rocky bottom.

At Fitzgerald passengers and freight were rushed across the portage in Mickey Ryan's fleet of buses and trucks. The *Distributor* pulled out, and made a fast trip to Aklavik, arriving there 23rd June, the earliest yet. On her return she stopped in the Rabbitskin river to pick up Barge 500, which had been left there all winter. The Rabbitskin river is just below Fort Good Hope and the Ramparts, where water was so low last autumn that the barge couldn't be brought to her proper winter quarters at Gravel Point shipyard. The barge was in excellent condition after wintering in the ice. A great deal of thanks for this should go to the Roman Catholic mission at Good Hope, who acted as watchmen. Capt Naylor brought the *Distributor* to Fort Smith at midnight 9th July, just twenty-seven days down and back—one of the fastest trips on record. Because of the limited amount of freight the *Distributor* could carry on her first trip, the S.S. *Mackenzie River* has taken the western Arctic freight to Tuktuk.

Capt. D. Elyea of the S.S. *Mackenzie River* turned over command of the steamer to Capt. Lumb at Simpson, on her return from her first trip north to Norman oil wells. He then piloted the *Hearne Lake* up the Liard river to Nelson Forks and back in nine days—another fastest time on record. He has since transferred back on the steamer, and will take her through to Tuktuk.

The Governor, P. Ashley Cooper, and P. A. Chester, General Manager, made a flying trip through the north in the Company's new aeroplane. In Waterways Mr. Cooper was shown the new improvements, the graded road to the water's edge where a mud fill behind an extensive line of sheet piling makes a dock, the conveyor and its movable gangplank, and numerous small changes.

Capt. B. Goodman of the *Hearne Lake* and Captain Smith of the *Dease Lake* have been making weekly trips from Fort Smith to Yellowknife, except when the former was employed on the Liard river run.

Archbishop Owen, Primate of all Canada, and his brother Dr. Owen, made the first trip north on the *Distributor*. They enjoyed the journey, and before leaving Aklavik by plane the Archbishop consecrated All Saint's Church, the Cathedral of the Arctic. H. H. Cooper from Edmonton and the late W. G. Moore of Chicago also made the journey. Messrs. Diamond, Stiles and Jewett of Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company visited the office in Waterways on their way north.

George Miller has joined the staff as superintendent of construction. His first job is building a water-tower, badly needed for fire protection.

The S.S. *Northland Echo*, which has been in Waterways for repairs, replaced the S.S. *Athabasca River* on 16th July. The *Echo* doesn't draw as much water as the *Athabasca*, and is more suitable as the river drops.

The government is dredging a new channel from the Clearwater river to the Athabasca and, working in twenty-four hour shifts, is making good progress.

British Columbia District

With the commencement of the new Outfit, the "A" Athabasca posts were returned to the Mackenzie-Athabasca district, after having been in the British Columbia district for two years.

Reporting from his post at the end of March, the Keg River manager noted considerable activity with the new highway from Grimshaw, Alberta, to Yellowknife, N.W.T. It is understood that this is a winter road only.

J. Milne visited the New York World's Fair during his holidays in May. Shortly after returning to Edmonton he left with B. Clark on a brief trip to Sturgeon Lake. Later in the month he inspected Fort St. James, Manson Creek, Tacla, Babine and Old Fort. In June he departed for the Cassiar and Finlay river posts, calling at Hazelton and Kitwanga en route to the coast.

S. G. L. Horner joined J. Milne at Prince Rupert to establish H B C private commercial radio stations at McDames Creek, Liard, Fort Ware and McLeod's Lake, which posts were to contact Fort Grahame, already operating on short-wave, between 6th and 26th July.

Operations in hydraulic mining at Boulder Creek in the McDames area have begun again, and also reconnaissance of the Liard river-Sifton Pass section of the British Columbia-Alaska highway project.

The ice in Summit lake broke on the 8th of May. Freighting to McLeod's Lake commenced without delay, and the first trip to Fort Grahame and Fort Ware was completed during the third week of May. R. F. Corless, Jr., of Prince George, is again the contractor.

Freighting on the Stikine river was also under way by the second week in May, the first boat having arrived at Telegraph Creek on the 14th. Marion & Hope, contractors for road and river freighting to the interior Cassiar posts, started from Telegraph Creek with their first truck load to Dease Lake a few days later.

Telegraph Creek reports a busy season, and is preparing to accommodate Howard C. Sykes, of Englewood, New Jersey, and three other hunters on a big game expedition to the Cassiar regions in August. The party will hunt Stonei, Fannin and Dalli sheep for the New England Museum of Natural History.

Two days of annual sports were enjoyed at Babine in early June. Indians from numerous villages in the vicinity attended and teams from as far afield as Hazelton and Kispiox, points on the C. N. railway, competed in baseball and other events.

C. A. Keefer is at present in the Yukon, making Dawson his headquarters. Stewart River, the new post in the Yukon, commenced operations at the beginning of the Outfit. The erection of the new dwelling is progressing, and repairs to the store building are nearing completion.

J. Gregg of White Horse post has a twenty-five year bar to his service medal. A. Macpherson, district office, and R. Walker, Hazelton post, received fifteen-year medals. We offer congratulations to both.

Congratulations to H. C. Borbridge, formerly of Keg River, upon his marriage to Miss Isabel Moulton, of Sausalito, California; also to C. D. Stevens, married recently to the former Miss Ann Thorne Hughes, of Victoria, B.C. We extend our best wishes for their future happiness.

We felicitate Mr. and Mrs. A. Macpherson, Edmonton, on the arrival of a baby girl on 26th June; also Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Copeland, of Fort Grahame post, whose son was born on 9th June in Winnipeg.

Western Arctic District

Tuesday, 6th June, saw the usual crowd at the Canadian National Railways station in Edmonton saying good-bye to friends and relatives who were leaving by train to connect with the S.S. *Distributor*. Among the travellers were Hudson's Bay Company men, missionaries and Royal Canadian Mounted Policemen, some going to western Arctic points and others not quite so far.

With the district manager leaving on this train for his usual summer inspection trip were Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sidgwick, Miss Phyllis McKinnon, Mrs. E. J. Gall and R. J. McIsaac. From reports received, we understand that they had a good time going down the river.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidgwick were married last May in Winnipeg, and stayed over a couple of days in Edmonton en route to Vancouver, where they spent their honeymoon prior to their departure for Tuktuk post, which is to be their future home. Mr. Sidgwick spent last winter in the Old Country, but is glad to get back to the Arctic regions, especially to Tuktuk.

Miss Phyllis McKinnon is on her way to Perry River, where she is to become the bride of Angus Gavin this coming August. Miss McKinnon is from Winnipeg, and is looking forward to spending her first winter in the Arctic, where she hopes to find out if all the things Angus has been telling her about the north are true or otherwise. We wish them many years of happiness together.

Mrs. E. J. Gall is en route to the north to meet her husband, who spent last winter at Rocher River, Mackenzie-Athabasca district. Mr. Gall has now been transferred back to this district to take charge of Cambridge Bay, from which point Mr. and Mrs. Frank Milne are coming out on furlough.

R. J. McIsaac has just returned from furlough in the Old Country. He is now en route to his old stamping ground at King William Land to relieve Wm. Gibson, who is being transferred to Fort Ross post of the Ungava district.

Several changes are taking place in the district this coming season, among which has been the transfer of Aklavik post to the Mackenzie River district. Fort Collinson is being closed, the business transferred to Holman Island, sixty miles south. The Roman Catholic mission is also establishing at Holman Island, and we believe the change will be of material benefit to natives in that area.

Another move is that of Baillie Island post south to Maitland Point, where permission has been obtained from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to rent their buildings, as they closed their detachment there last summer. Baillie Island is situated on a narrow sand spit, which, owing to heavy seas, is slowly disintegrating, making it advisable for the post to be shifted to some other more advantageous point.

So far this summer, everything seems to be going well with the delivery of supplies to this district for the coming season. Last year, we had the sinking of Barge 300; the previous year, the crushing of the M.V. *Fort James* in the ice; and the year before that, the M.V. *Fort James* was again in difficulties due to ice, etc. This year, the latest reports show the supplies well on their way to Tuktuk. Bankslanders who arrived at Tuktuk by the middle of July, which is exceptionally early for them, report no trouble with ice. The M.V. *Fort Ross* called at Coppermine on 18th July from her winter quarters at Bernard Harbour, and will be calling at Reid Island and Baillie Island before going to Tuktuk to pick up supplies. She is expected to leave Tuktuk westward fully ten days ahead of schedule. In fact, everything is so rosy that we are almost afraid to comment for fear something unforeseen may happen!

As tonnage is expected to be lighter this year the M.V. *Fort Ross* will be able to handle it all and go through to King William Land post without any difficulty. Scotty Gall will act as pilot to King William Land, returning eastward with the vessel to Cambridge Bay, from which point the M.V. *Fort Ross* will proceed to Tuktuk for winter quarters.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Washburn of Hanover, New Hampshire, called at the office and, as they were flying north to Coppermine on 20th July, kindly consented to take along any mail that we had on hand.

W. P. Johnston was at the office for a few days before leaving for Calgary to join his wife, who had flown out about three weeks previously. They are en route from Aklavik to a furlough in Scotland.

Mackenzie-Athabasca District

Although old-timers around Edmonton appreciate the reliable weather news supplied by the Dominion Meteorological Service, they still rely upon Indian lore for inside information. Wishing to know what might be expected of the weather upon the occasion of Their Majesties' visit to Edmonton on 2nd June, the most reliable prophets on the Winterburn reserve were consulted. The wise men cocked their eyes at the heavens; consulted amongst themselves and muttered about the "big moon" of May; then delivered themselves of a dictum that some rain would come mixed with a few fine days. Unfortunately, their predictions stopped short at midnight on 1st June, the red-skinned prognosticators explaining that they were not permitted to peer into conditions relating to a day which should be the concern of the Great White King only.

A good story came from Calgary via the loud speaker. An official commentator was interviewing Indians who had assembled to greet their sovereigns. Speaking to a highly decorated brave, he asked, "Who trimmed your coat so beautifully?"

"My wife, she do um pretty good," was the reply.

"But the beads," the commentator continued. "Did your wife colour them too?"

"No," said the red-skinned native son, "squaw get um from Hudson's Bay Company."

Apprentice Robert F. Aitchison, of Yellowknife post, must have felt proud of the achievement when he heard that, for the second year in succession, his father had won the Hudson's Bay Company's cup, sailing over a sixteen-mile course on South Cooking lake on Dominion day.

We extend hearty congratulations to G. S. M. Duddy, who, tired of enjoying the scenic beauties of Fort St. John alone, was married in Edmonton on 13th July.

A visiting trapper told us recently he did not intend to stay over in Edmonton to visit the annual fair. He wanted to get back to the Territories where the rivers were rising at last, where there was no continual talk of impending war and where, he said, he was thankful there were no rival politicians each with a certain cure for the world's ills.

We are very pleased to welcome to the district, Apprentice Dean Muir and Eric Dibnah from the Winnipeg training school, who have been detailed to Fort Fitzgerald and Fort Nelson respectively.

We also welcome C. A. Campbell, who has been transferred from Saskatchewan district office, Winnipeg, to Mackenzie-Athabasca district office, Edmonton.

W. R. Garbutt went back to Fort Nelson at the end of May feeling happy that two months in Edmonton under medical care had saved him the loss of part of his foot, which was badly frozen last winter.

Right Reverend Bishop Geddes paid us a visit recently.

Saskatchewan District

The commencement of Outfit 270 sees us greeting several new staff members in Saskatchewan district: F. J. Adams, who proceeded to Cumberland House, R. K. Finch, to Little Grand Rapids, and W. A. Finch to Stanley.

To Apprentices W. A. Buhr and B. M. May, who received their initial post experience in this district, we send best wishes for their future success in Arctic posts of the Ungava district. No doubt some of their associates at the posts they have just left will be able to contact them over the airwaves in the very near future.

Congratulations again to Mr. and Mrs. W. Mitchell, this time on the birth of a son and heir, Raymond John, at Prince Albert on 5th May last. At the time of writing, the entire family is in Winnipeg en route to Little Grand Rapids on transfer from Lac La Ronge post. Raymond John, although only two and a half months old, has already been on two aeroplane flights and is about to make a third from Lac du Bonnet to Little Grand Rapids.

A fairly extensive building programme is being conducted at several posts. Berens River has now a new 120-foot dock, a modern residence, new warehouse, and the store is being remodelled. A new combined store and warehouse is at present under construction at Beauval and a large warehouse is being built at Ile a la Crosse. Arrangements are also being made for the erection of modern residences at both Norway House and Rossville.

The district will shortly extend its radio communications, as transmitting and receiving sets have recently been forwarded to Island Lake, Cumberland House and Lac du Brochet. Although at the moment we are not in a position to give the call letters of the new stations, they will no doubt be on the air within the course of the next few weeks.

The Fur Trade Commissioner and district manager visited Berens River and Norway House posts during the week of 5th June, travelling both ways on Lake Winnipeg on the S.S. *Keenora*. The district manager left on a tour of inspection of posts in the north-eastern section of the district on 1st July and will not return to Winnipeg until 12th August.

Saskatchewan district considers itself signally honoured by the visit of the Governor, P. Ashley Cooper, and General Manager P. A. Chester to several of its posts during June. Lac la Ronge, Stanley, Souris River and Clear Lake posts were visited on 22nd and 23rd June. Travelling by the Company's new plane, stops of approximately one hour were made at each of the foregoing posts. Great interest was taken in the ship at all landings, as it was the first twin-motor machine that had been seen in this part of the country.

Mrs. P. A. Pederson, of Beauval post, who has for some time been confined to the Prince Albert sanatorium, suffered a serious relapse during the latter part of June, but we are pleased to report that her condition has now greatly improved.

Nelson River District

District Manager W. E. Brown left Winnipeg on 23rd June on his summer inspection itinerary, which will extend into late September, and will include Pukatawagan, Nelson House and Nueltin Lake as well as all posts on the south and west coasts of Hudson Bay.

The schooner, M.S. *Fort Severn*, was launched, outfitted and loaded according to schedule, but owing to exceptionally bad ice conditions she was unable to leave the harbour until 6th July, three days behind schedule. On 13th July she was still ice-bound seventy miles south of Cape Churchill, en route to York Factory.

Her Majesty smiles on Post Manager W. C. Rothnie who was master of ceremonies when the King and Queen visited Nipigon for twenty minutes on the 23rd of May. Nipigon had its own Royal Visit Committee, and Mr. Rothnie, who is president of the Chamber of Commerce, made the presentations. Nipigon saw the King and Queen as the friendly and gracious people they really are, writes Mr. Rothnie. Their Majesties walked about freely, talked to everyone they met, and said they were sorry they could not stay longer in so lovely a spot. The King spoke of the two visits of his brother, the Duke of Windsor, to the famous trout stream, the Nipigon river, and expressed pleasure in meeting some of the guides who had accompanied his brother. As the royal train moved out, the King could be seen taking moving pictures.

Left: First prize in Edmonton royal visit photograph contest. By A. J. Munro, H B C store engineer.

Another attempt will be made this season to establish a post at Igloolik, north-west of Foxe Basin. The strenuous attempt made last season by the Roman Catholic mission schooner M.F. *Therese* was frustrated by heavy floe ice coming down through Fury and Hecla straits, and in view of the unusual ice conditions at present prevailing this year, it is impossible to predict the outcome.

W. C. Brownie arrived in Winnipeg early in June, after furlough in the Old Country. He left on 21st June for Churchill en route to Eskimo Point, where he will take over from W. A. Heslop, who is proceeding on furlough.

A. J. Trafford arrived in Winnipeg on 10th July from sick leave spent in Victoria, B.C. He is taking a meteorological course under the direction of Mr. Archibald at Winnipeg airport before proceeding to take charge of Neultin Lake post.

We welcome to the district Apprentice Murray Dean, who has been appointed to Trout Lake post, and to whom we extend our best wishes for his success.

Our hearty congratulations to the proud parents on the occasion of blessed events this spring: to Mr. and Mrs. T. Crawford at Repulse Bay, a daughter at Easter time; to Mr. and Mrs. G. Anderson at Tavane, a daughter on 13th April, born at Chesterfield hospital; to Mr. and Mrs. T. Batchelor at Big Beaver House, a son on 4th May.

Our staff has maintained enthusiasm in the operation of our private commercial radio stations, and all our stations have given excellent service throughout the year. A new station was installed at Big Beaver House this spring and further stations will be put in operation at Nueltin Lake, Severn, York Factory and, we hope, Igloolik, during the summer.

Several building operations will be under way during the summer which will include repairs and renovations at Chesterfield Inlet, Baker Lake and Repulse Bay; new dwelling house at Tavane and new foundations and repairs at Pukatawagan.

James Bay District

As a result of the recent open season for beaver in Ontario, catches from various points in the province would indicate that these animals have not multiplied as much as anticipated.

Mrs. A. Hughes and family have returned to Osnaburgh, where Mr. Hughes is post manager, after having spent the winter in Winnipeg.

The James Bay inn at Moosonee, Ontario, a favorite spot for tourists, was unfortunately destroyed by fire last April. It is very unlikely that it will be rebuilt.

Gifford Swartman, with headquarters at Sioux Lookout, has been appointed Indian Agent for the new agency. Various needs of the Indians at the following points will be administered by Mr. Swartman: Red Lake, Osnaburgh, Lac Seul, Hudson, Fort Hope, Lansdowne House, Cavell and Ogoki.

District Manager M. Cowan is on his annual inspection of posts situated in James bay.

J. Glass has been busily occupied inspecting line posts.

During July, Mr. Ralph Parsons, Fur Trade Commissioner, in company with Mr. Cowan, visited the majority of the posts in James bay. This inspection trip was made in the Company's new aeroplane.

The M.K. *Fort Churchill* and the M.S. *Repulse* are operating again this summer as usual, delivering freight to various points in James bay.

We still continue to receive reports of hardship among the Indians in the James bay area, but at many points rabbits are now beginning to show up in increasing numbers, which will ease the country food problem considerably.

Hearty congratulations to E. K. Griffin on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Philomena Gordon, sister of Mrs. R. B. Carson. The marriage took place in Toronto on 12th May.

A number of Indians from Gull Bay reserve, at Nipigon House, were taken into Port Arthur to attend the celebrations in honour of Their Majesties. These natives participated in the dancing ceremonies during Their Majesties' visit at the Indian village, which was erected on the banks of the McIntyre river, near the boundary of Fort William and Port Arthur. Chief Charlie Wigwas had the great honour of shaking hands with His Majesty. Chief Wigwas remarked that His Majesty was "just like one of us."

Professor E. C. Abbe, of the University of Minnesota, and party left recently by aeroplane from Senneterre, Quebec, for Great Whale river, and thence to Richmond gulf, to carry on scientific work.

Mrs. E. M. Foreman, mother of Apprentice-Clerk C. C. Foreman, has gone to Albany for a short visit with her son.

R. K. Muir, post manager of Grassy Narrows, is at present enjoying a furlough. We understand also that Mr. Muir will bring a bride back to Grassy Narrows.

The Moose Factory post journal recently carried the following report: "On the tenth of July, Kelly Chamandy's boat, the *Kittiwake*, en route to Attawapiskat with a cargo of treaty merchandise, was wrecked on a sand bar. The cargo was ruined, Chamandy saving only a few personal articles. The *Joy H* went out the following day to try to salvage the boat, but could do nothing as it was found that it had sunk."

St. Lawrence District

H. T. F. Petterson, La Sarre post manager, recently obtained from a local settler a stone tool in very good condition which Diamond Jenness, Chief of the Division of Anthropology at Ottawa, reports to be a very fine specimen of a combination adze and gouge, fashioned by some Algonquian Indian, presumably in pre-European times.

John Mench of New York spent a few weeks in July at his Chimo camp near Manowan post. He was accompanied by Frank Kear, deputy commissioner of the New York police, and Frederick Wagner, publisher of the San Francisco *Call Bulletin*. Commissioner Kear is this summer enjoying his first vacation in several years, following a good deal of responsibility in connection with police arrangements for the Royal Visit to New York.

The first steamer from Quebec to reach Blanc Sablon was the S.S. *Sable I*, which arrived on 22nd June. Heavy ice remained longer than usual in the Blanc Sablon vicinity, with the unfortunate result that the spring seal fisheries could not be put out. Early indications, however, point to a good cod fishery, which it is hoped will compensate for the scarcity of sealskins and oil.

The late spring also retarded the arrival of Indians from interior points and many of the natives did not reach trading posts until well through the month of July. The hunt has proved slightly better than a year ago at a number of points although fur bearers on the whole continue to be scarce.

The long list of brides from overseas headed northward has recently been added to by the arrival of Miss J. W. Stephen of Edinburgh, who passed through Montreal en route to Eskimo Point, where she will marry P. Dalrymple. Congratulations and best wishes to both.

Labrador District

The district manager sailed for Labrador on 1st June, taking passage by the *Fort Garry*. In addition to inspection of Labrador posts he will also spend some time in Ungava bay this summer, returning to St. John's around 1st October.

Owing to extremely bad weather and ice conditions on the Labrador coast this summer, the *Fort Garry* is approximately two weeks behind her schedule, but with the advent of better weather it is hoped to catch up on some of the lost time.

J. Maurice arrived from London in June and made a short visit to Cartwright in July.

We extend a welcome to Apprentice Bob Duncan, who arrived from the Winnipeg training school in June and is now stationed at Nain.

When taking down the manager's dwelling house at North West River this spring, a carved piece of wood was found under the door-step bearing the following: "This house was built by Edward Wishart, Joiner, of Stromness in the Orkneys, Scotland."

Fur traders who have been engaged at North West River in past years will be interested to know that "Uncle Joe" Michelin is alive and hearty at 93 years, and still able to attend to a few traps near his home.

J. E. Keats, manager of North West River, reports the following curious coincidence:

"Whilst we were eating supper at about 6.15 p.m. Newfoundland time and listening in to the English news broadcast, the commentator stated that a Russian plane was flying non-stop from Moscow to New York and was then nearing the Labrador coast, and immediately after he spoke the roar of a plane's engines was heard, flying directly over the post, but as visibility was poor we did not get a good view of it, and it was with regret that we heard next morning that it had fallen near Prince Edward Island, although fortunately the aviators came out of it alive."

A Royal Canadian Air Force party of three planes commanded by Wing Commander Brookes has been surveying the coastline of Labrador from their base at Cartwright.

The salmon fishery in Sandwich bay has been the worst in twenty years.

Bishop Abraham arrived at Cartwright to hold a largely attended confirmation service. He also went to Eagle river for salmon fishing. North West River also welcomed the bishop and Messrs. Sparshott and Norman who arrived on the *Argonaut*. We believe it was the first visit of a bishop to these parts. The bishop held a large confirmation service.

Rev. Mr. Sparshott has visited the outlying parts of his parish.

Prof. Kranck and a companion from Finland have been doing scientific work in the region of Makkovik. They came by way of a freight steamer to a point off Belle Isle where their motor launch was lowered, and they reached Battle harbour late the same night.

Visitors for salmon fishing at Eagle river were: Gerald S. Doyle, W. J. Carew, St. John's; L. Shields and J. Kitteredge, U.S.A.

The I.G.A. supply boat, *George B. Cluett*, was at Cartwright for a few days. The *Maraval* with Dr. Paddon on board is touring northern Labrador.

Ungava District

This is written from the *Nascopie* as we approach Churchill. The voyage has been quite unusual so far for the amount of foggy, rainy and disagreeable weather coupled with exceptionally heavy ice conditions which delayed us. This necessitated cutting short the stop-overs at ports of call so that season 1939 has been a rush at the posts where we stopped.

The annual Eastern Arctic Patrol under the command of Major D. L. MacKeand sailed with us. The main police detachment will join us at Churchill, but we had with us from Montreal Corporal W. C. Dodsworth and Constable W. E. Hastie who are making the round trip.

The Hudson's Bay staff, in addition to J. W. Anderson and district accountant O. M. Demment, included J. A. Thom, R. Cruickshank, P. A. C. Nichols, apprentices Buhr and May and carpenter G. T. Moore from Moose Factory. Mrs. Gordon Webster, with her baby son, returns north to join her husband at Cape Smith while J. J. Bildfell goes to Cape Dorset to investigate the possibilities of the eiderdown industry.

Hebron was the first port of call and here we were welcomed by the Eskimo brass band under the direction of Rev. George Harp. At Port Burwell we took on board post managers J. M. Stanners and E. H. Riddell, the former bound for Nelson River district and the latter for James Bay district where he will take charge of Belcher post. Apprentice A. Stevenson remained in temporary charge of Port Burwell until later in the summer when this post will be closed by District Manager S. H. Parsons. The M.B. *Koksoak* from Fort Chimo was on hand to meet us at Port Burwell and the visitors included Post Manager and Mrs. Wilderspin and the Reverend and Mrs. Wenham. Fog and ice delayed us to a considerable extent between Port Burwell and Lake Harbour where, as usual, we were piloted in by Navolia. Here we found all well after a poor trade winter. Those on hand to welcome us were Post Manager Bell and Apprentice Figgures, Rev. George Neilson, Constables McLaughlin and Taylor of the Lake Harbour detachment. Post Manager P. A. C. Nichols, bound for Frobisher Bay, left us here as likewise Apprentice Buhr who will be assistant to J. Bell for the winter. Rev. George Neilson joined us for Churchill on his way out on furlough, while Apprentice H. B. Figgures returns with us to Cape Dorset post. Messrs. Dunbar and Oughton of the Eastern Arctic Patrol remained at Lake Harbour until the second call of the *Nascopie*, to conduct their scientific investigations. Owing to the short stay and the rather disagreeable weather, the customary Eskimo sports were not held at Lake Harbour.

Crossing Hudson Straits through fog and ice, we reached Stupart's Bay post on the 24th July to find Post Manager M. L. Manning in good health and spirits. Visitors on board were Fathers U. Fafard and P. A. Steinmann. A short run, again through fog and ice, brought us to Sugluk West where we found awaiting us Fur Trade Commissioner Ralph Parsons who had been in Montreal to see us sail. Post Manager A. T. Swaffield had accompanied the Commissioner from Wolstenholme in the motor boat *Ivik* and returned in her to Wolstenholme in time to connect with the *Nascopie* outward bound from Cape Dorset. At Sugluk we left Post Manager R. Cruickshank, late of Belcher post in James bay, to succeed L. A. Hodgson who goes out on furlough via Churchill.

Leaving Sugluk West on the evening of 26th July we ran into our first rough weather of the voyage, but this did not last long as ice was encountered and this, accompanied by the inevitable fog, caused further delays before we reached Cape Dorset on the evening of the 27th. Here we took on board the Honourable John Buchan who had been assistant at Cape Dorset post during the past winter with Post Manager Chesley Russell. Apprentice H. B. Figgures left us to be assistant at Cape Dorset for the winter while J. J. Bildfell will make this post his headquarters for his investigations of the eiderdown industry. Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Manning, of the British-Canadian Arctic Expedition, were not on hand for ship-time at Cape Dorset but are reported "all well" on the west coast of Baffin Island. As the Fur Trade Commissioner had already visited Wolstenholme and, being behind schedule, our stay at this port was very short. Here Post Manager J. A. Thom takes charge for the winter while Post Manager A. T. Swaffield goes out via Churchill for medical treatment and furlough. Apprentice I. C. M. Smith remains as assistant at Wolstenholme under J. A. Thom.

The run from Wolstenholme to Southampton Island was the first fine weather we had experienced for some time and as this continued during the day we were there, a picnic expedition was organized for the passengers led by Post Manager L. A. Hodgson. All who participated spent a very enjoyable day on Southampton Island. We sailed away from this post on the 31st July leaving E. B. Maurice in charge for the winter. Dr. E. C. Boyer and his son, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, passengers from Montreal, left us here to undertake a hunting expedition organized by E. B. Maurice and with John Ell as guide. On the 4th of August, while at Port Harrison, we had a radiogram from Post Manager E. B. Maurice advising that Dr. Boyer had already returned to the post with his trophies consisting of one polar bear, two walrus and two seals. This was very successful indeed and the radiogram intimated that Dr. Boyer was leaving the post on the 5th August by motor boat for Chesterfield where he will connect with the Company's M.S. *Fort Severn* for railhead at Churchill, Manitoba. This expedition was organized for Dr. Boyer under the authority of hunting permits issued to him by the Northwest Territories Bureau and the Fisheries Department.

At Cape Smith Mrs. Webster and her baby son left us and Interpreter Abraham Broomfield came on board for transfer to Port Harrison. Carpenter G. T. Moore also went ashore at Cape Smith to start work immediately on the new store before going south later in the season to build a new dwelling at Port Harrison. At Port Harrison, where we arrived on the evening of the second August, we had for visitors Post Manager and Mrs. A. B. Fraser, Apprentice J. W. Bruce; Rev. H. A. and Mrs. Turner and their daughter Jean; Messrs. Sugden and Bell of the Government radio station VAL; and from Povungnetuk we had Post Manager and Mrs. F. Melton and Apprentice N. M. Roberts. We had our first visit to baby Brenda Fraser who was born at Port Harrison on the 14th May last and who, by all appearances, has made a very good start in life. Passengers leaving us at Port Harrison were Post Manager E. H. Riddell en route for Belcher Islands in James bay, Apprentice May and Interpreter Broomfield for Port Harrison, and Operator J. Beaudereau for the radio station VAL. Rev. H. A. and Mrs. Turner and their daughter joined us for Churchill as likewise Apprentice J. W. Bruce and Operator Bell of the radio station. On Thursday the third of August Captain Smellie took the passengers on a fishing expedition and in the afternoon Eskimo sports were held.

We sailed from Port Harrison 6 a.m. Friday the fourth of August but had not gone very far in the direction of Churchill when we encountered our old enemies, fog and ice. We were held in the ice during the night of the 5th of August but were under way again at daybreak. About 5 a.m. great excitement was caused by the appearance of three polar bears quite close to the ship.

At the time of writing we are proceeding slowly through the ice fields towards Churchill, Manitoba. Notwithstanding innumerable delays we are back on our schedule and seem likely to reach Manitoba's seaport on time.

Montreal Fur Trade Depot

An amusing incident in connection with the Royal Visit occurred when we placed an order for the M.S. *Repulse* of Moosonee. The suppliers called and asked if they were to cancel the order in view of the fact that the H.M.S. *Repulse* had been detained in England and was not accompanying Their Majesties to Canada.

Our shed opened on 1st June, 1939, and assembly of supplies for the eastern Arctic was commenced immediately, so that by the time the R.M.S. *Nascopie* arrived at Montreal from overseas on 28th June, 1939, we were ready to commence loading.

Our accountant, Mr. E. P. Taylor, and Mrs. Taylor, sailed on the *Nascopie* to Quebec for the week-end.

The Depot is now purchasing supplies again this year for the Roman Catholic missions in the eastern Arctic for shipment by the mission schooner M. F. *Therese* scheduled to sail from Montreal about 28th July.

Mrs. P. Ashley Cooper entertained at a tea on Friday, 14th July, the wives of the married members of the Retail Stores Buying Office and Fur Trade Office staffs.

We were honoured by a visit from the Governor, Mr. P. Ashley Cooper, on the afternoon of Friday, 14th July.

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